THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

C. F. ANDREWS is beyond doubt the most influential European in India, where he has lived for twenty-five years. He is an English clergyman, but India loves and esteems him without reference to nationality. He is closer to Mahatma Gandhi than perhaps any other person, certainly than any other non-Hindu. While Gandhi was in prison, Andrews was entrusted with the editorship of Young India. He is now president of the Indian Trades Union Congress, is in what might be called non-partisan touch with many of the most important social and political movements in India; but his relationship is human rather than political. He is trusted without reserve in all quarters, including those of the Indian government. Out of a rich and varied experience he can speak with authority on any aspect of Indian life. Page 709.

THE story of the latest British struggle for democracy—that within the Salvation Army (page 712) is by Charles T. Hallinan, an American journalist long resident in London.

JUST as this issue went to press, the Century Company published Marriage in the Modern Manner, by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn, in which the article on page 716 appears as Chapter XIII. Facing Divorce, from the January Graphic, is Chapter XV. Physician, psychiatrist, educator, frequent contributor to our pages, Dr. Wile scarcely needs an introduction to Survey readers. His collaborator, Miss Winn, is a member of the Sunday staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

LEM and Lena, the dumbbell brain-children of Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, have delighted Graphic readers for years. Here their little sister Jane serves to epitomize the clash between the generations, which appears to hinge on the question of what time should a girl go to bed? Mrs. Wembridge is widely known as a psychologist with a flair for bringing down I.Q.'s to ABC's, and as the referee of the Cleveland Juvenile Court. Page 718.

THE first big enterprise of his youth—his hard work for the Progressive Party in 1912 and later for the Progressive Service, scorned of the "regular" politicians—forms the subject of the second installment of Donald Richberg's reminiscences. Since the first chapter was published in the January Graphic, Mr. Richberg has appeared before the U. S. Supreme Court as one of the attorneys in the railway valuation case—the greatest lawsuit ever tried in an American court; and as counsel for the railway shopmen in their arbitration proceedings with the New York Central. Page 722.

PUTTING Old Man River to Work, is a fine challenge and a conspicuous example of putting a constructive imagination to work. Walter B. Pitkin, a mere college professor and no engineer, has a scheme to control floods, bring the ocean to the heart of the continent, vastly increase the value of the Mississippi bottom lands, and give Muscle Shoals a proper job at working for Uncle Sam. Mr. Pitkin originally taught in the psychology department at Columbia but, as he puts it, "was degraded until I sunk to the level of journalism," at which point Survey Graphic caught him and offered hospitable shelter to a man on the down-grade. He is the author of many volumes, including authoritative textbooks; most recently of The Twilight of the American Mind (Simon and Schuster). Page 728.

IF the Kellogg-Briand Pact helps lay the ghost of America as the source of supplies to the nation that runs amok, then its practical consequences will match its moral consequences in committing nations the world over to a reversal of the hoary doctrine of the legitimacy of war. Pacts, Cruisers and—Then What? (page 732) by Paul U. Kellogg, editor of Survey Graphic, is based on an address before the recent meeting at Washington of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War. Newspapers in many parts of the country referred to it, particularly the suggestion that while we are building fifteen cruisers for the navy we might well give the price of one cruiser to the State Department, the negotiating arm of a government committed to negotiation.

NOVELIST and contributor to many magazines, Rebecca N. Porter turned from fiction to teaching as instructor and lecturer in the extension division of the University of California. And there it was she came upon some hidden talent and a great urge to do creative writing among convicts at San Quentin, to whom she was teaching short-story writing by mail. Page 738.

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Courtesy Kleemann-Thorman Galleries, New York

SIFTING COFFEE, WOMAN OF THE MALABAR COAST

By William Spencer Bagdatopoulos

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THE SURVEY

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Young India Throws Its Pebble

By C. F. ANDREWS

THERE is an old Bible story which has very often come to my mind when thinking out quietly the present position of social reform in India. We are told in one of the early books of the Bible how David went out to fight Goliath. Before the battle, Saul tried to make him put on the heavy armor which he himself had used. David first of all tried to put it on, but felt very uncomfortable in it. Then, throwing it aside, he went down to the brook and picked out some smooth stones, and with his own sling went against the great giant and slew him.

This has always seemed to me a parable of the present state of Indian affairs. The ruling western powers in their interest in Indian social reform have tried again and again to get young India, which is eager to fight against the old deep-rooted evils in the social systems of the East, to take up their own powerful weapons which they themselves have found useful. Educated Indians have tried again and again to use these weapons. But lately, under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership, young India, like David of old, has revolted and decided to non-cooperate with the West. In this reaction against western methods, it has turned to its own peculiar ways of dealing with these old social evils. Both in China and in India, that is the present aspect of affairs. We call it sometimes the rise of nationalism in the East; but we must remember that it is essentially an endeavor to do things in one's own way rather than accept any longer the tutelage of the West.

This is the thesis which I want to illustrate from my own experience; and everything that follows will come from what I have actually witnessed with my own eyes as I have lived among the followers of Mahatma Gandhi and shared their life with them.

Let me first of all take the illustration of the moral struggle against "untouchability" in South India, which we call the Vykom struggle. It needs to be understood that a very large number of the poorest people, especially in the south of India, are called "Pariahs," or "outcasts;" even their touch is regarded as defiling by orthodox high-caste people.

Vykom is a village center, in the middle of the backwaters of Travancore. The sea comes in and out with tidal waters along different channels which intersect the country; and in this part there is one highway which goes through Vykom itself. Apart from this one road, people would have to go across rice-fields, to get from one part of the country to another, with possibly some waterway intersecting. Thus this highway is one of the most important roads in that part of the country. But since it runs through a Brahmin quarter, close to the Vykom temple, the Brahmins for hundreds of years have refused to allow any of the Pariahs on it, for fear of defilement. Thus it has remained open only to high-caste people and customary usage has gained the sanction of law. This social injustice has now unfortunately become embodied in the law of the land.

The young followers of Gandhi determined to make out of this a test case, and to try to throw open this high road for all human beings alike. One interesting thing in the story, which shows the strength of Mahatma Gandhi's movement, is this: the young leader, who originated the idea of this struggle, was a Syrian Christian from the ancient Syrian church in Travancore—a

MR. ANDREWS writes of social reform in India from long and intimate personal association with Mahatma Gandhi, from observations on the spot of the remarkable demonstration of non-cooperation at the barrier on the Vykom Road, and of the voluntary giving up of opium by the addicts of Assam. His article is of special interest at this time because of Gandhi's new political leadership in the crucial year 1929, which is described in Awakening in the East, p. 738

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young barrister called George Joseph. He was a devoted follower of Gandhi and a prominent patriotic worker in Travancore.

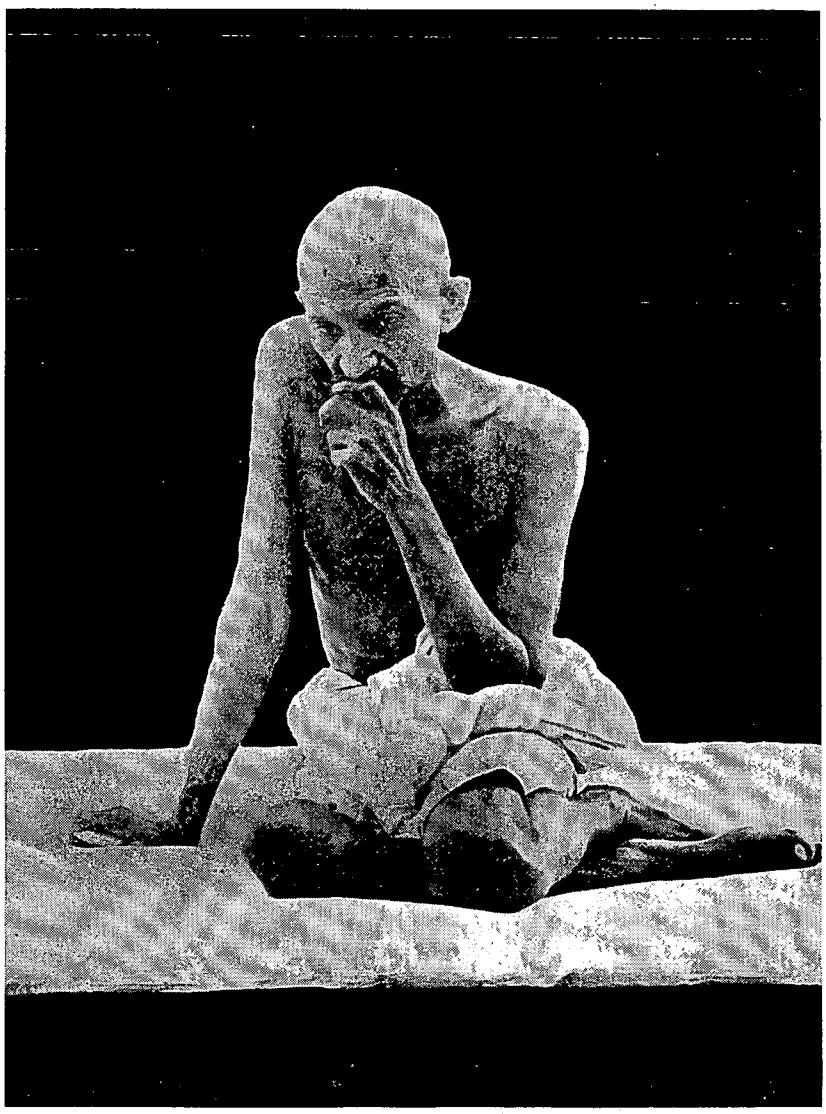
Mahatma Gandhi was almost desperately ill at the time the struggle began, and I was with him at the seaside near Bombay where he was lying in extreme weakness. If my memory serves me, George came to him. In any case, the whole plan of action was mapped out from Gandhi's bedside, and the struggle began.

THE followers of Mahatma Gandhi took with them the "untouchable" friends, whose rights they were advocating, and walked into the Brahmin quarter. They were immediately beaten, and one was seriously hurt. Then the police of the Travancore state arrested George Joseph and his followers for encouraging trespass; they were condemned to imprisonment for varying lengths of time, up to one year. At once, volunteers came pouring in from all parts of the country in order to take the place of those who were arrested. The State Department then ordered that no more arrests should be made. The police were to prevent by force any of Mr. Gandhi's followers from entering the road. They made a cordon across the road. The leader of the volunteers then asked Mr. Gandhi for instructions. He told his followers to stand opposite the police cordon, until the police gave way. They were to take the attitude of prayer and treat the whole matter as a sacred religious duty. The young followers of Gandhi thereupon built an Asram (a place of religious retreat) of reed huts near to the village and organized everything on a religious basis, beginning and ending each day with prayer. They went to their posts at the barrier singing hymns to God, and in no way offering any violence at any point in the struggle.

Mahatma Gandhi then urged them to go on with the struggle however long it might last. He expressed his pleasure at all the arrangements. He also sent me down to help and encourage the passive resisters and to report to him about it. What follows I saw with my own eyes.

The place itself is flat low-lying land. In order to reach it, I had to cross waterways by one ferry after another. Everywhere the palm trees grew in great luxuriance. It was a land of palm trees, reflected in the water. Under a clump of palms the Asram of Gandhi's followers was built. Each day at four o'clock the Asram began its morning prayers. Then followed the rapid cooking of an early morning meal—some rice preparation. Soon after five, the procession of volunteers started for the barrier. There were long and tortuous narrow lanes through the palm groves leading to the center of the village. The villagers lined the roads each day in order to see the volunteers pass; and they sang their hymns as they marched in their white robes to the barrier. At the barrier itself, they stood side by side with the Pariahs in an attitude of prayer, and one was seated at a spinning wheel and went on spinning silently the whole time as a symbol of Mahatma Gandhi's Khaddar (home-spinning) movement.

The sympathy of the villagers was obviously with Gandhi's volunteers. While I was present, I held many discussions with the Brahmins and found that they were wavering. But they were not yet ready to give up this age-long privilege of exclusiveness. They clung to it more through dogged conservatism than through any belief in its virtues.



MAHATMA GANDHI

From a photograph taken in 1928 and in the possession of his American friend R. B. Gregg

The different bands of volunteers stood at the barrier without a break for six hours; each watch was changed at noon; and at six o'clock in the evening the day's struggle was over. The volunteers then went back, singing their evening hymn to God. The whole Asram retired to rest between eight and nine o'clock, after a meal of rice.

The climax came during the drenching monsoon rains. At that time the country, which is very near to the sea level, becomes flooded; and during the year of this struggle the flood waters reached up to the waists of those who were standing at the barrier. The police were stationed during the floods in flat boats which were moored across the road and fixed with ropes to posts. Thus the police were dry-shod on their watch; but the volunteers were sometimes up to their shoulders in water; and the strain was so great

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that the hours of duty had to be shortened from six hours to three hours. During this crisis of the floods there was much illness in the camp, which was itself nearly under water; and the sufferings undergone by the volunteers at one time became acute. But naturally public sympathy was immensely increased by the bravery with which they went on enduring these hard conditions.

It was probably, most of all, this brave endurance of suffering which broke down the Brahmin resistance. In the end, after about one year and four months, the struggle was over and the road was opened, the Brahmins themselves accepting the new conditions and offering to allow the Pariah to walk past the temple and through Brahmin quarters. They said, "We cannot any longer resist the prayers that have been made to us, and we are ready to receive them."

It will easily be seen from this illustration how entirely unlike the weapons of the West are these indigenous weapons of India for dealing with her own social problems. Out of this Vykom struggle there has come not merely the opening up of one single highway for the Pariah, nor yet even the winning of the human right to use many of such roads, but a complete change in the angle of vision among the whole orthodox community of South India. It is likely to be the crowning point of victory in the whole struggle. What this means, in a country where these poor "untouchable" people number over fifty millions, can hardly be overestimated. For centuries, this deep-rooted evil has been going on unconquered. Now at last it would appear that a blow has been struck at the heart of the wrong which may destroy its very life-force and thus remove it from the earth.

C. F. ANDREWS

The Church of England clergyman who is Gandhi's best non-Indian friend

A second illustration may be given from my own experience in Assam with regard to the great opium evil. Assam has been the one province in India on the borders of China which has been most addicted to the opium curse. The non-cooperation movement which Mahatma Gandhi initiated was regarded from the first as a movement of self-purification throughout the length and breadth of India. It was to be a non-cooperation with evil in any shape and form.

WHEN Mr. Gandhi went to Assam he was especially asked by the leaders of Assam to deal directly with the opium evil. During his visit he took up no other subject and dealt with it in his own direct method. He went through the villages in out-of-the-way places, meeting the villagers face to face. He went especially to those villages which had sunk most deeply of all under the opium evil. Everywhere he declared that the villagers must give up directly and immediately the opium habit. When they asked him what would happen to them when they gave up opium, he told them to have faith in God and to have boundless trust in God's power of deliverance. The simple villagers saw in Mahatma Gandhi himself the living vision of God and gained their strength of faith from his personality.

What happened was nothing less than a miracle. Within six months of his visit the opium consumption in Assam, which is under government control, was reduced by over 25 per cent, and that reduction has continued ever since. Not merely was there this reduction in the consumption of government opium but also, I was told, the smuggled opium was equally reduced. To put the matter very briefly, that one visit of Mahatma Gandhi has completely changed the opium situation in Assam. It has resulted in a moral purification infinitely greater and more powerful than any legal prohibition.

It was not possible for me to be with Mahatma Gandhi during this visit to Assam, but I visited the same villages two years later when I was engaged in arduous work there as a member of an important opium commission, and was able to verify by eye witness the facts which I had been told about Mahatma Gandhi's visit. Again and again I saw villagers who had been addicts for thirty or forty years and had never touched opium since the day when Mahatma Gandhi told them not to do so.

Here again it seems to me is another illustration of the old Bible story. The government from the West had attempted all kinds of methods and plans for getting rid of this evil in Assam. I have often studied the chart of opium consumption in Assam. What is visible is a slight rise and fall year after year in accordance with the prosperity and depression of the country. But during the whole period, in spite of all kinds of endeavor, there was no real improvement, no complete conquering of the evil. But on the other hand, when a saint like Mahatma Gandhi came face to face and heart to heart with these illiterate villagers in their own villages and gave to them the word of faith, he was able to effect in the shortest possible time what all government measures had been unable to do for half a century.

The moral of the story is this: if by delicate, sensitive sympathy with those internal forces in India, that are themselves the vital springs of reform, we from the West can in any way help forward India in the throes of her social revolution, we can do well. But if on the other hand, we attempt to press on India from the outside our own methods and our own ideas as though in that way reform can be effective, then we are really in danger of throwing back the Indian reform movement and impeding its onward progress.

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The Overthrow of General Booth

By CHARLES T. HALLINAN

NAÏVETE on the grand scale—is that the secret of our interest? The spectacle of a great mid-Victorian institution in the painful throes of a Georgian upheaval—is it that which has so strangely moved the whole world? I think so.

As we watch this curious crisis in the Salvation Army, we feel dimly and uneasily that a mighty Victorian impulse has, perhaps, spent itself, and we are sorry.

Conceived in the 70's on thoroughly British middle-class, evangelical lines, the Salvation Army has slowly spread over the world, preserving an institutional quaintness, invincible, extorting respect.

Others have gone just as far abroad and just as earnestly, carrying with them soundly Victorian religious ideals—the sturdy Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is a conspicuous example—but these do not stand out against the changing background of the times as does this Protestant religious autocracy on military lines, the inspiration of an exasperated East London mission worker who found himself blocked by the incurable gentility of his committee.

AS I write these lines from London, it looks as though General Bramwell Booth would, in one way or another, be removed from autocratic control of the vast organization which his father founded and which he has built up.

A palace revolution set out to overthrow the aged czar. Or, more precisely, a mutiny of field commanders and the General Staff, to lay him low. Sooner or later he must give way, and the Army must face not merely the choice of a successor, but the more difficult problem of the democratic control of the fifty-year-old enterprise which has now spread to eighty-two countries, accumulating in trust heavily mortgaged property which the Daily Mail estimates at more than $100,000,000.

For the long regime of General Bramwell Booth has demonstrated the weakness of an autocracy.

It is doubtful if we shall ever have a public airing of all the Army's grievances against its general, or rather against the system. But if we may read between the lines—the sympathetic lines—of the Nonconformist weekly religious press, which has devoted great space (and an apparently intimate knowledge) to the discussion of this curious *cause célèbre,* the Army's grievances appear to run something like this:

Owing to his age—he is seventy-three—and his enfeebled powers of concentration, he has held up Army plans indefinitely, to the discouragement of his officers and the perplexity of the humble rank and file.

He is, at times, imperious in personal matters, transferring officers at whim. (But it is said that he leaves the American section, headed by his formidable sister, Commander Eva Booth, severely alone!)

He overrides his General Staff.

As he grows older, he becomes more and more the business man and less and less the evangelist.

Geography absorbs him; to add one more country to the list he never hesitates to cramp old-established work. Sweden, for example, was added to the Army's liabilities by the establishment of work for the deaf and dumb—work which well-to-do Protestant Sweden was perfectly able and willing to do herself.

Because the Salvation Army's work profoundly needs consolidation, and Bramwell Booth is now the last man in the world to do it.

BY far the best current portrait of General Bramwell Booth is one which has just appeared in the British Weekly, our leading Noncomformist religious paper. The article is written by one who appears to have known General Booth well, his faults and his virtues. Describing the general he says:

He is a man of a most curious personality. Far more emotional than his father, almost as ready to weep as Job Trotter himself, with a tearful voice and the manner of an old-fashioned revivalist preacher, he is also as cool and precise, as hard-headed and far-seeing, as any of the masters of "big business."

It is, I think, the strain between this dual personality which has been too much for his nervous strength.

I have never met a man who more suddenly and disconcertingly could turn from a heart-broken sympathy with human suffering, utterly sincere, to a vigorous and bloodless handling of some detail in organization. At such moments the very aspect of the face changes in a flash and, with it, the tension of the body and the tone of the voice.

He has always seemed to me a strained and perplexing spirit living the double life of a man and a woman, consecrated by a spiritual experience in his childhood to a life of holiness, and yet driven by the hard facts of the world to fight the forces of evil with all the subtlety of a casuist, all the opportunism of a statesman, and all the intense decisiveness of a dictator.

What the British public does not clearly realize is that Bramwell Booth is, in a sense, the real creator, if not the titular founder, of the Salvation Army.

His father, General William Booth, was a Methodist minister who in the 60's plunged into work in the slums of East London. Finding that his committee deprecated anything like street-corner revivalism, he resigned and started what he called the Christian Mission in 1865.

HIS attempts at street speaking aroused the hooligans of that time and place and he carried on under considerable risk of bodily injury. He hired tents and beer halls and theaters, much to the annoyance of the churches. In fact, he had a remarkable gift for arousing the wrath of organized Christendom. Some very able sermons were leveled at his work. Partly because of this it steadily grew, enlisting the sympathy of insignificant persons. His wife, Catherine Booth, was a woman of great spiritual gifts and in addition she had that invaluable asset in England, the correct accent. She boldly went forth into the "City"—as the business and financial section of London is called—and sought for contributions to aid her husband in his work. She got them eventually and by 1878 the work had spread out of London into the provinces.

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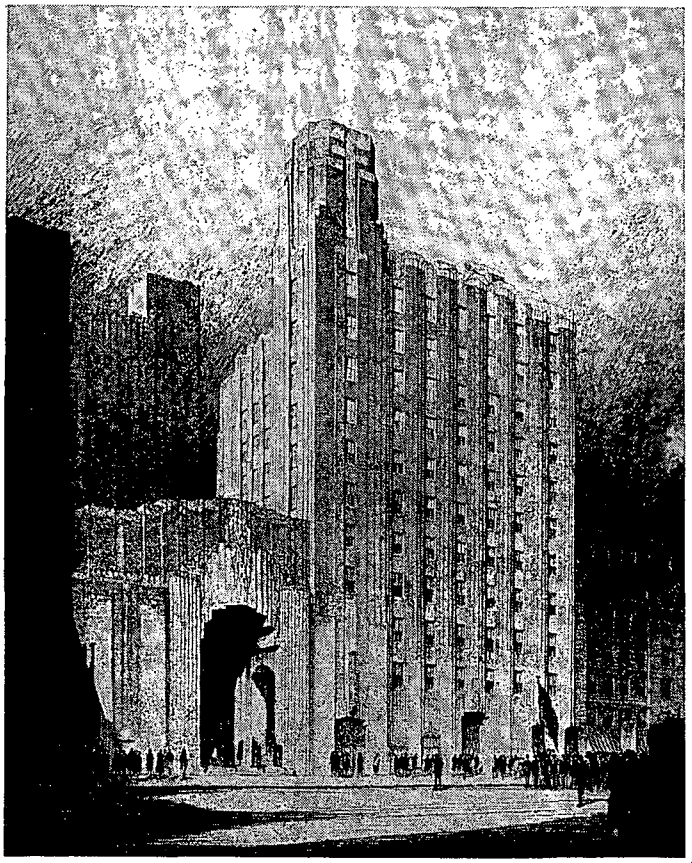
In that year, William Booth reorganized it on autocratic lines. This was easy to do, for he and his wife were the sole money-raisers. The remarkable efficiency of this quasi-military form of control impressed him. Then came his Great Idea. In June, 1880, he definitely adopted the title of the Salvation Army and launched his mission work as a military organization modelled closely after that of the British Army.

That step has been much discussed. Why did he do it? He was an emotional man and he was doubtless secretly impressed by the stirring militarism of the Old Testament. And there were those familiar church hymns, too, with their martial note. And he knew, also, that the humble British nurse-maid adored the British soldier. He would give his evangelical movement all the glory and the trappings of militant Christianity. Sound psychology—only no one called it that in those days.

His scheme evoked immense world-wide ridicule. Public contributions the first year amounted to only $9,000 for the support of seventy-five "corps" and one hundred and twenty full-time "officers." Street rowdyism rose to formidable proportions. A "skeleton army" was formed to break up his meetings and the constant street disorders aroused the magistrates of London and the provincial towns, not against the hooligans but against the persistent Booth. From 1880 to 1889, he and his followers were regularly arrested and fined as disturbers of the peace. After that the British world began to accept him as, at any rate, a public nuisance which could not be abated and must therefore be put up with.



THE SALVATION SKYSCRAPER

Headquarters of the American army in West Fourteenth Street, New York, will shortly be installed in this modern building. A large assembly hall in the center of the block will lie behind the high arched entry. The second tall building in the background will be a home for working girls, with its entrance in Thirteenth Street

In the meantime the work spread to the United States and to the various British dominions. By 1890, General Booth had matured a broad and congenial scheme for the salvation of "Darkest England."

His well-known book, In Darkest England and the Way Out, made a deep impression upon the British middle-class for its apparent comprehensiveness.

He proposed ten allied enterprises which should supplement the ordinary evangelical work of the Army. The ten were: (1) the city colony; (2) the farm colony; (3) the oversea colony (which made an enormous appeal to the classes anxious to promote emigration from overcrowded Britain); (4) the household salvage brigade (the thrifty kernel of the present quasi-profitable scheme for collecting and disposing of waste paper, rags and old clothes); (5) the rescue home for fallen women; (6) deliverance for the drunkard; (7) the prison-gate brigade; (8) the poor man's bank; (9) the poor man's lawyer; (10) Whitechapel-by-the-Sea.

Money poured in for these appealing human enterprises and General Booth and the Salvation Army became firmly entrenched in the sympathy of the British middle class, particularly of the Nonconformist churches. This slowly rising tide of popularity culminated in the open encouragement extended by King Edward VII, made visible to all men, including the Church of England, by a formal invitation extended to General William Booth to attend the coronation ceremony in 1902.

BEHIND the scenes was William Bramwell Booth, the general's eldest son and, from the very beginning in 1880, the chief of staff. If General William Booth "played" at being the general, tempering the autocracy by constant humility and visible self-sacrifice, his son never "played" at being chief of staff. He seized the opportunity with great intensity and, from universal testimony, pushed and pushed and pushed. He was a raw youth of twenty-four when the Salvation Army was founded and he became chief of staff. When, on General William Booth's death in 1912, he found himself named as general, he was a man of fifty-six who had known the realities of power for thirty-two years. The Salvation Army was and is a complete mirror of William Bramwell Booth. He was a man of one idea, and the Army was that idea.

He has made two mistakes. It was his autocracy, not that of his father, which led certain prominent members of the Booth family to revolt from the organization in 1910.

Still earlier in his career, in 1885, he became involved in the late William T. Stead's "social-purity campaign" and, with Stead, was indicted for a technical offense. In order to prove that young girls could be bought outright for immoral purposes, they personally dipped into the "white-slave traffic" with sensational results. Booth was acquitted but Stead spent several months in prison. The episode unquestionably brought about the passage of the Criminal Law Amendment Act but it damaged for several years the influence which both men had begun to wield.

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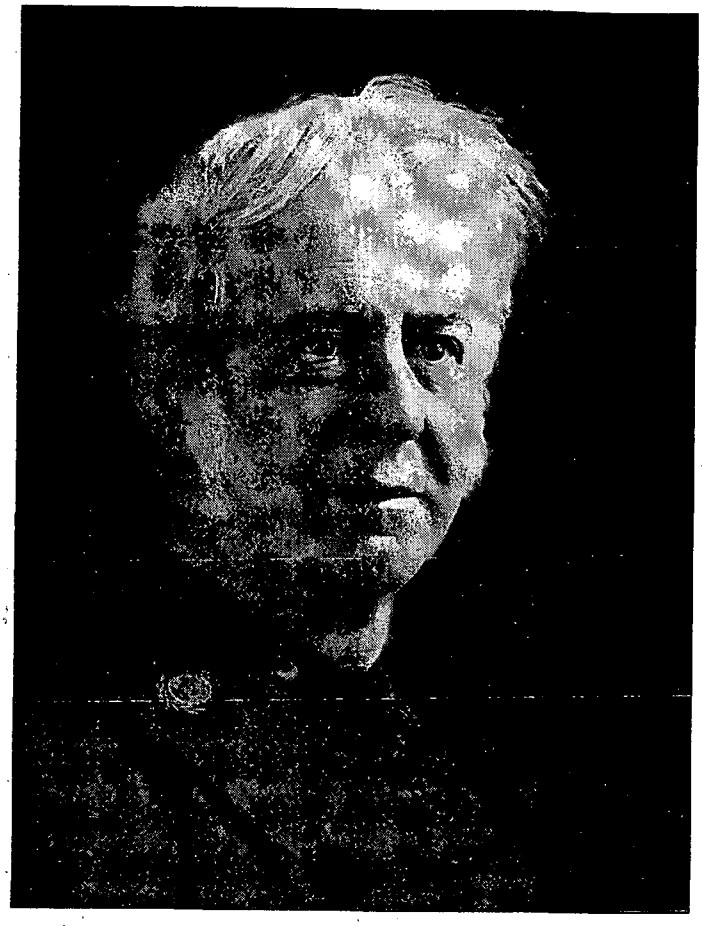

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

Eldest son of the founder and head of the Salvation Army since his father's death in 1912. *It is about him, an old man in feeble health, that the present dispute centers*

But two conspicuous mistakes—both due to zeal—in forty-nine years of ceaseless and unconventional activity, are not many. Neither of them carry today the slightest weight in the minds of the Salvation Army.

But it appears that he has made others, and I have tried to give at the outset what, apparently, some of those mistakes have been.

We can't be too sure, for the Salvation Army has an immense tradition of secrecy which is, literally, religiously observed. The Powers of Darkness are all about the Army, prying, seeking for weak joints in the Armor of Righteousness. They must be kept back with everlasting vigilance. We, the sympathetically curious, will probably never know just what the things are which led to this remarkably moving institutional upheaval.

But the bare facts are astonishing.

SEVEN earnest humble men, who had worked their way up from the street to the rank of commissioners in the United Kingdom, took their official lives in their hands (including their positions and their future pensions) and called a world-wide International Staff Council of the Territorial Commissioners of the Salvation Army to discuss the position of their general.

There are sixty-four such commissioners, in posts of responsibility all over the world, and sixty-three of them responded, coming to London late in December at the call of the heroic seven. The one man who could not come sent word that he was ill in Italy; he sent his prayers and blessing. This, surely, is no ordinary "committee row," no case of bickering and heartburning over appointments or budgets. These men and women arrived in London with a seriousness that somehow instantly communicated itself to the London press.

Of course the British are, at bottom, a religious people. Just beneath their secularism, just behind what you are pleased to call their imperialism, implicit in the decorum of their public life, is religion. It finds collective national expression in the religious establishment which they maintain. It has less attractive forms of expression, too, such as the British Sabbath against which, I admit, both the classes and the masses are beginning to squirm in protest. But it runs through everything. The press discusses editorially, day after day, the controversy over the Prayer Book, and does it, too, with expertness, precisely as it discusses politics. The British are, I repeat, with all their failings, a religious people.

And so, perhaps, it is not strange that they instantly sensed—through their public antennae, the pressmen and the newspaper photographers—that this International Staff Council was no routine institutional affair but something with a communicable sense of tragedy about it.

The Staff Council met behind closed doors in the International Training College founded by Bramwell Booth and maintained by the Salvation Army in the little Thames Valley town of Sunbury-on-Thames. On guard at the gates was Brigadier Sam Richards, who speaks six languages. Among the delegates were Belgians, French, Germans, Japanese, Chinese, East Indians, Australians, Canadians and several Americans—including the intensely serious, elderly Commander Eva Booth from America. And including, too, the seven solemn, deeply concerned British commissioners who had, behind the general's back and without his knowledge, sent out the call. At the very first session, which was opened with prayer, the delegates sent a message of love to General Booth, on his sickbed at Southwold, Suffolk, on the East Coast.

No report was issued to the press of that first day's dis-

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

Daughter of William Booth, commander in the United States, a vigorous and clear-headed woman whose work in war- and peace-time has made the American Army an outstanding religious and relief organization

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cussion, but it must have been a remarkable one. Eight of the sixty-three delegates present, including his wife, his daughter, the editor of The War Cry, and the present chief of staff, were deeply attached to General Bramwell Booth and determined to resist to the last any attempt publicly to remove him from his position. They spoke, not once but again and again. It may well have been a painful scene.

A COMMITTEE was appointed to visit General Bramwell Booth, a committee of unscholarly men. Here is their own account, in part at least, of their visit. What do you think of the prose? I think it is fine:

The general looked frail and extremely weak. His eyes had little animation, his hands were feeble, and it is quite evident he has not much ability to turn or move in his bed.

His speech is with difficulty, but it is coherent, and his remarks, previously thought out, could be given expression to without confusion, though it is quite clear that in fifteen minutes his power to do this is gone, and probably he does not recover until he has had a little rest. Indeed, he took nourishment twice while we were in the room.

The general seemed to remember us all and spoke a word to each, quite tenderly asking about wives and casually referring to our work.

He said he had a great trust passed to him by the founder and that the proposal we had made required time. "I must have a little time."

Turning to the president he said: "The old general had a great fight for one-man control. You believed in that."

As it was evident the general could only keep his thought connected by our not interrupting him we withheld any remarks at this point.

We endeavoured to speak to him through his acousticon. He did not seem to catch our expressions and Commissioner Catherine suggested that she should repeat our words.

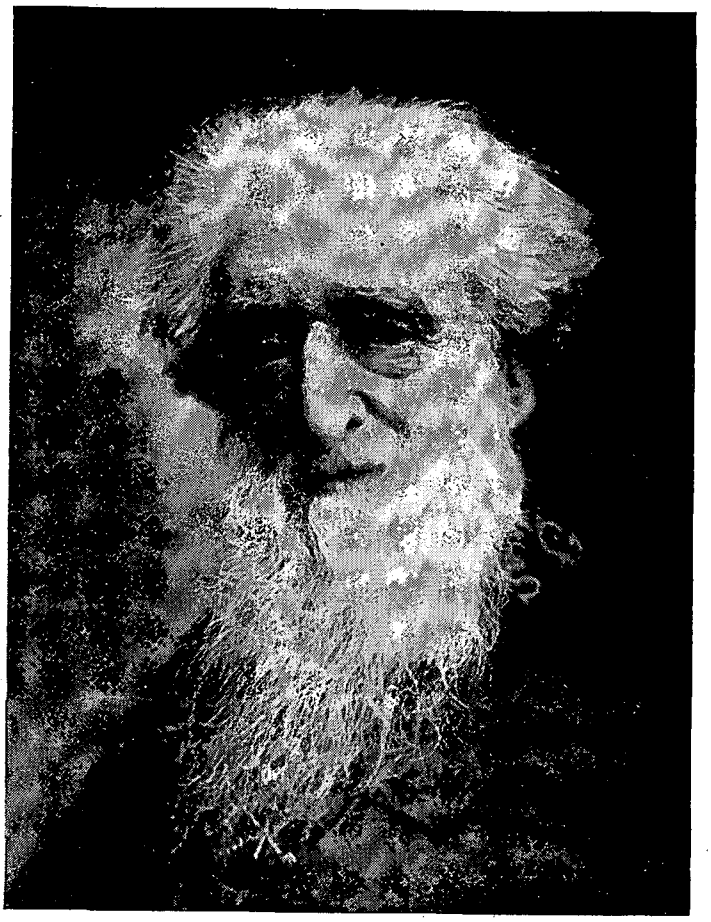
The general went away from the subject as if he had certain intentions in his mind to speak on other questions, and he followed, so it appeared, the preparation of his mind.

After making a further remark or two to the members of the deputation it was apparent he had said as much as he was able to say.

It was quite evident the deputation could not wisely stay longer, and any personal pressure that he might go through the document and give us an indication that he accepted our representation was quite beyond him at that moment.

100 Years of the Booths

IN April, the Salvation Army will celebrate all over the world the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Booth. On February 13, after Mr. Hallinan's article had been mailed from London, Bramwell Booth was finally deposed as commander, and in his stead the High Council elected Edward J. Higgins, heretofore chief of staff. But conspicuous positions remain in the Booth family, including Mrs. Bramwell Booth and Catherine, a daughter of Bramwell, in London, and Evangeline Booth as commander in the United States. Commander Higgins, a veteran of seventy-three, has served the Salvation Army in many lands, for nine years in this country as chief secretary under Evangeline Booth. During that time he was a resident of Mount Vernon, New York, where his four children attended the public schools. His election is hailed as putting the seal of reality upon a democratic set-up of one of the world's largest religious and social agencies.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

Known reverently as "The Founder" to tens of thousands of men and women the world over who wear on their collars the initials "SS," standing for Salvation Soldier

As Mrs. Booth and Brigadier Smith, together with Commissioner Catherine, felt this was just about as much as the general could then stand, we left quietly—indeed, we rather felt he was not noticing we were leaving.

You know the rest, of course. The general demurred to the suggestion, he begged for time. He pleaded that he was getting better, that his doctors said so. The poor old man, deaf as a post, confined to bed, fought with something of his old autocratic vigor against the strange tide of events. His vigorous wife, his vigorous daughter, supplied what was lacking. They swept into the Chancery Court and applied to Mr. Justice Eve for a temporary injunction restraining the International Staff Council from deposing the general.

Well, they got the injunction and the Chancery Court, rather fussily, I thought, insisted that the council must hear the general's legal representatives before deposing him.

THE council will do so, but the general's wife and the general's daughter have made a profound mistake. One of the regulations of the Salvation Army is that no soldier may go to law against another soldier. The Booths have appealed to the law. Four hitherto loyal British commissioners, including the editor of The War Cry and the present chief of staff, have withdrawn their support from the general. Except for four members of the general's family, the council is now unanimous against him. Sooner or later he will have to go. The Army then faces a new and modern problem—that of democratic control.

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Romance Outside the Pale

Education for Meeting the Problem of the Other Woman

By IRA S. WILE, M.D., and MARY DAY WINN

PRACTICALLY all of the great romances of history have been in the greener pastures outside the marriage pale. Few of the great lovers whose stories have come down to us—a glowing and often wistful heritage—have been married; at least, not married to each other. Helen, Cleopatra, Beatrice, Guinevere, Isolde, Francesca—all were gallant ladies. The love songs of the troubadours were addressed to somebody else's wife. The queens of beauty, for whose favor knights vied in the tournaments, usually had already pledged their favors to a mere husband.

Until the English speaking people of latter years undertook the experiment of making mutual romantic love, rather than social and economic convenience, the basis of union, marriage and romance were hardly associated in men's minds. The great lover was more often than not the other man or the other woman. As the Countess of Narbonne expressed it, "We may say definitely and considerately that love cannot exist between married people," an opinion which was fully endorsed by no less an authority than Eleanor of Aquitaine, afterwards the queen of Henry II.

In many countries the problem of the other woman was solved legally and to the satisfaction of society by the institution of polygamy. Far from being regarded as an outcast, the favorite wife, no matter what was her official position in the sequence of marriage, held a more enviable position than did the first partner. The act of Rachel, heroine of one of the Bible's greatest love stories, in giving herself to a man who already had one wife, was legal, approved, and even extolled by her generation, although her action today would almost inevitably lead to an action in the divorce court, and her rating would be that of a bigamist, or even, in harsher terms, an immoral interloper.

Wherever unions have been commonly arranged on the basis of economic or social convenience, the other woman has been tolerated, either as an extra wife, a concubine, or a mistress. Mankind has felt instinctively that every human being has the right to romance if he can find it; if the marriage customs of his place and generation have made it improbable that he would find it in marriage, the public has accepted the situation philosophically if he or the woman sought for it outside. The mistress is tolerated and accepted in France today as a necessary part of the social order.

But in the United States marriage is, theoretically at least, based on mutual romantic love, an arrangement which gives us, still theoretically, no excuse to seek outside of marriage for love. To do so is to admit the failure of an ideal. This insistence on the love match is part of the tremendous ascendancy of idealistic and emotion-guided youth in a youthful country.

Consequently we have in America a small percentage of what is practically progressive polygamy and polyandry. Our divorce rate reveals plural marriages just as of yore, the principal difference being that the marriages are now consecutive instead of contemporaneous. This is evidenced by the large number of divorced people who remarry. A statistical study of more than a thousand cases made recently by Judge James Austin, Jr., of the Domestic Relations Court of Toledo, Ohio, and reported in a bulletin issued last year by the National Probation Association, showed that over half of the people who came before him had previously been married to other partners, some of them two and even three times. Companionate marriage, which is merely a new name for elements which have existed in marriage for some time, is part of our way of legalizing the mistress.

All that has been said so far is not an introduction to a plea for polygamy, or even a suggestion that romantic marriage has permanently failed. It is an effort to clear away the hocus-pocus of sentiment and tradition with which all people love to cloak reality, so that they can look, clearly and directly, at a modern problem and tackle it in the light of that clearer vision.

Monogamy, a Fragile Ideal?

FOR the truth is that we have idealized monogamy without fully understanding the emotional urges and sex values which were realized and allowed for by former generations. The fact that extra-marital relations, with or without love, still exist in such great measure, shows that men and women have arrayed themselves in social ideals which are still much too grown-up for them biologically. While loudly and publicly holding up one code, a certain group enthusiastically follow another. "Male" and "female" are biologic terms; "husband" and "wife" are social terms; the difficulties which men and women frequently experience in the relation of husband and wife reveal how easily the animal in each one of us can predominate and cast aside social responsibilities and obligations—even those which we have admitted and welcomed intellectually.

This discontent with the limitations of monogamy is usually accepted as an evidence of human frailty and weakness, and such, in a certain sense, it is; for it shows that we have barely a fingertip touch on our ideals. But we should not forget that while it ought thus to be condemned from the higher, social point of view, it represents biological strength and urge. It is the surplus creative force of the race.

The prostitute boasts that her business is kept flourishing by married men. The conditions that make this so are many. Every one of us may be said to have, in greater or less degree, four fundamental satisfactions which we look for from life. We demand some measure of security—to know where the next meal is coming from; some measure of recognition for what we are or have done—ambition; some measure of adventure—either in our own lives or

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vicariously in the lives of others; and some measure of affectionate response. If we cannot find the fulfillment of these wishes legally or within the bounds set by society, the possibility is that we will search elsewhere.

Marriage should bring to both the partners all four of these satisfactions, in some measure at least. They may not feel certain of their income, but they should feel reasonably sure of each other. The world may not wear a pathway to the man's door, but such neglect makes it even more necessary that his wife should seek out his good qualities—for everybody has some qualities worthy of praise—and give them appreciative notice. If she does not do so, she need not feel surprised if he turns hungrily to some other woman who does. Nor should the man immersed in business, who has stopped noticing that his wife is beautiful, feel aggrieved when she discovers that other men still see it. With a childish faith that saying a thing often enough will make it so, and with blindness to historical facts, men have deluded themselves for ages with the statement that the "womanly woman" has no ambition to shine except through her husband.

If recognition is a desirable ingredient of married happiness, adventure is even more so. Some people are so clod-like, or so engrossed in exploring their own souls, that they do not feel the necessity of exploring the world around them, and they can live a life of monotonous regularity. The average person, however, must have a certain amount of adventure, change, variety, though this does not mean in sex relationships. Married life, especially for the home woman, is often cursed with a terrible monotony, from which either she or her husband may seek escape in the thrill of an affair. The degree to which this goes on in small, dull little towns is almost proverbial, and has furnished grist for many a literary mill of the realistic school. The numerous adventure magazines, in which natives of Iowa and Colorado write stirring stories of the sea, are so many safety valves for both writer and reader. No one will ever know how many marriages have been saved from dissolution by the second-hand thrill of the movies, or by hunting, fishing or bridge.

Where Divorces Come From

THE frustration which drives the greatest number of men and women into the arms of the outsider is the lack of an adequate love response. Husband and wife, though well mated on every other plane, may be utterly mismated physically. When this occurs, the man will often, and the woman sometimes, seek satisfaction outside of marriage. The husband may even do this in order to convince himself of his own manhood. Many couples decide as early as their honeymoon that they are physically mismated; or they become convinced of it later, when the romantic illusion, which the mating was adequate to satisfy, has vanished, and they cannot find more permanent grounds on which to unify their married life. It is marriages such as these which help to fill divorce courts and support the prostitutes, although in many cases the difficulty is structural and might be corrected by a physician; or is psychological and could be set right by a psychiatrist.

On the other hand, part of the other woman situation is simply natural selection at work. It grows out of the fact that at marriage one has not met the whole world. As Edna St. Vincent Millay has put it:

> The fabric of my faithful love
> No power can dim or ravel
> Whilst I stay here—but oh, my dear,
> If I should ever travel!

The very consciousness that a dangerous age exists makes that age more dangerous, since it calls in the powerful force of suggestion. The period usually comes earlier in the lives of women than it does in those of men, and is sometimes accompanied by a flare-up of the creative instinct which turns a conventionally raised woman into a middle-aged adventuress. It is that time, generally in the forties, when a woman realizes that she is approaching the biologic dividing line between youth and age. It is then that she is dangerous—though not so much to herself as to some other woman. She has a greater knowledge of the world than when she was a girl, a more tolerant acceptance of facts, sometimes a life-taught cynicism and hardness, and has perhaps embraced the gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may philosophy, especially since she feels surer than she did when she was young that she can avoid paying the price of indiscretion. In addition to this predatory equipment, she has the charm of maturity, poise and experience.

Wives, Beware!

LET the wife beware of her! For the very biologic changes which make the other woman such a magnet for the husband will often, in the wife, have just the opposite effect, especially if she has not realized the potentialities of the natural changes, or if she has not kept pace with her husband in social and intellectual growth. Perhaps, in her role of mother, she has lost sight of the importance of being a wife, and has let time and child-bearing rob her of the charms which first attracted him, without attempting to develop substitute charms for those she has lost—mature attractions, such as social grace, mental alertness, a broad-minded and kindly tolerance, and a home atmosphere that makes the husband feel stimulated and appreciated. The psychological and physical difficulties of this period for women cannot be ignored, but too many give way to them unnecessarily and sink into a whining invalidism that drives their husbands into the arms of other women, and may even give the men the added ease to their consciences—that they are sparing their wives excitement and fatigue. Wives should build up their defenses against the other woman from the very first day of marriage. Keeping a husband or wife is possible; winning one back who has really been lost is as one of the labors of Hercules—and is accomplished about as frequently.

The problem of the outside person, the interloper, the soul mate, the affinity, will probably never be solved while we have monogamous marriage built on emotion, which, as a foundation, is as unreliable as the earthquake-shaken soil of Japan. People have tried to guide and restrain this emotion by pleading for a deeper regard for social values, for the rights of the children, for the great social and economic advantage of holding a family together. But experience has shown that this appeal to social consciousness is not enough in an intensely individualistic age. While the public demands, ever more loudly and anxiously, that boys and girls, and men and women, subdue their personal desires for the good of the race, the public views with alarm the noisy minority that is doing exactly the opposite.

(*Continued on page* 765)

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Suggested Improvements in Jane Doe and Her Boy Friend

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

ONE of the reasons that it is so hard to make Jane and John behave, is that there is no accepted pattern as to what good behavior consists in (especially for Jane). If you are a milliner and don't like your customer's hat, you can say with authority, "Such hats are not being worn," and then dangle the correct model on your finger. The abashed customer loses no time in getting the right hat on her head. The Channel swimmer can insist, "This is the most effective stroke," for by means of it she got across. The swimmer who has merely hugged the shore can do nothing but agree. The virtuoso declares, "This is the way to play"—and thereupon he plays. The aviator, the automobile maker, the barber, the cook—all can prove their technic by samples of their skill. Their performance is their proof.

But what of the poor dispenser of ethical advice? What standardized model can *she* exhibit to her customer? What technical proof of her skill? She can point to no hat, no endurance record, no airplane flight, no pie. She cannot prove that her advice is worth taking, or that any one thinks that it is—except herself. She can apply to conduct no simple and accepted test, for there is none.

To win a knockout in a fight, the champion has but to keep his man down for ten counts. What could be easier for both the combatants and their audience to understand? But Jane and John, to satisfy their critics, must live up to a standard which has not been formulated and which few would agree upon even if it were. What the moralist needs is the equivalent of the model skeleton which the anatomist produces from his closet when he demonstrates what really first-class bones ought to be. Our own skeleton gesticulates modestly behind our skin, and ordinarily we forget we have one. But behind all our varied fronts, there it is, and the x-ray finds it out.

The juvenile courtroom has articulated for me a kind of dim moral skeleton, a bony framework of moral standard lurking unconsciously in the minds of indignant parents, impatient guardians and exasperated police. They have never formulated exactly what they want from their young charges. But its misty outlines glimmer through their excited complaints, as the skeleton shadows show through the flesh on an x-ray plate.

The backbone of this social obligation is undoubtedly that Jane and her Boy Friend shall *go to bed on time*. There is no agreement as to what "on time" consists in. But whatever the hour, it should find Jane at home in her bed, and John at home in his. It often seems as if the proof of perpetual motion was Jane, forever trying to escape from a bed, which her mother is forever trying to put her into. Apparently nothing but old age settles it. The advertisements of luxurious beds, with bedding soft as a cloud and recumbent beauties pictured thereon, have no lure for Jane. These silken couches might as well be nettles for all she wants to lie in them. She regards a bed with infinite contempt. She is willing to work all day if she must, dance all night if she is allowed to, and face the morning with nothing but a dab of rouge and a hot-dog sandwich. All that she asks is that no time in the interval be wasted in unconsciousness, even though she sleeps like a queen.

"My child must go to bed on time" is without doubt the backbone of the parental demand. Why is Jane so determined that its vertebrae shall be out of joint?

The next requirement made by the universal parent is that *having once got the child into bed, she shall be got out again and put to work at a program made out by her parents*. The work requirement may be anything from school, dishpan, and factory, to dancing-class or dinner party. The point is, that the parents want the children to be there, and the children want to be somewhere else. It is extraordinary the variety of things that parents are determined that their children shall do, having once ousted them from the beds which they never wanted to get into in the first place.

"She says she can't find work. She don't try. That's the trouble with her. She's lazy!"

"How about you? You aren't working yourself?"

"Well, I can't get a job, because it's harder for a man to find one. A girl can always get it if she tries."

"Why don't you do your own washing?"

"Me wash? That's a woman's job."

"It was a man's job in the army."

"Well, it ain't any more. She could wash 'em all right if she didn't want to dance all night."

Or, "I tell you I *had* to get married to get a minute to myself. My mother was forever at me for esthetic dancing, symphony, go shopping with her, fill in at bridge—I never had a free minute till I married Jim."

WHICH reminds me that one of the most curious demands made by mothers of their daughters is that they shall have an elaborate wedding. Let no one suppose that the ranks of bridesmaids, banks of palms, and hordes of guests, are demanded by the bride. Every one knows that the bridegroom longs to escape the pageant, and in many cases the bride cries hysterically—but in vain—for her mother to let her off. Her mother is adamant. She has been planning twenty years for this event. Why otherwise did she save her veil? How will she face her neighbors if her daughter makes a runaway match? How repay all the social obligations that have accrued? In short, after Jane is married, she can't be wholly prevented from doing as she chooses. But through the preparatory luncheons and teas, the gathering of the clans, and the final ceremony the mother will put her through her paces if it kills them all. And it very nearly does. I asked one exhausted girl why

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she didn't just marry and be done with it. "If I only could," she groaned. "But it would kill my mother. She cries whenever I mention it." And another mother, who outwardly had abandoned all girlish dreams, made such a scene over the mere suggestion that her daughter and her lover should manage their wedding their own way, that the young people had to give in for fear of making her positively ill.

No one suspects the depths of repressed romance lurking behind stout fronts and gold-bowed spectacles, until she has tried to snatch a mother's second blooming from her, and prevent her daughter's wedding orgy. Let the florists and the caterers train their guns upon the mothers, and not upon the brides, if they expect to make a killing.

AND do not be too hard upon either Jane or John, if they hop a freight, hitch-hike on passing cars, adopt innumerable and impossible aliases, invent stories about themselves, join the circus, embark as stowaways, or run off to marry at some church around the corner. It is quite possible that their parents have thrust upon them not only their work, but their enjoyment, their traditions, their fears, their prejudices, and even their romantic patterns. And in order to escape, they must travel incognito.

The standards are so diverse, that while one has been forced one way, the schoolfellow at her elbow has been forced to the reverse. While Jane is cajoled into an elaborate wedding which she does not want, her best friend is not allowed to marry at all until she has helped put all the younger children through school. One authority will urge Jane to marry young and start raising her own children. But at least one social agency we know of refuses all relief if the older children follow this advice and support their own children instead of their younger brothers and sisters. To whom then does Jane owe her duty, and to whom do her wages belong? Who is to decide? Any one but Jane herself—that is clear. Is it any wonder that like a distracted hen she runs in circles? Develop responsibility in the young, the educators tell us. "But take care that they don't get a chance to use it," murmur the parents in the background. Which brings us to their third demand, no less insistent because they do not realize that they are making it: *Our children ought to be as much bound up in us as we are in them.*

At a school chorus, I once sat next to a stranger who shifted restlessly in his seat and eyed me, finally asking in a whisper if I knew that his son was singing baritone in the back row. I did not, but offered congratulations on his having a singer in the family. This was not enough. Presently he whispered again:

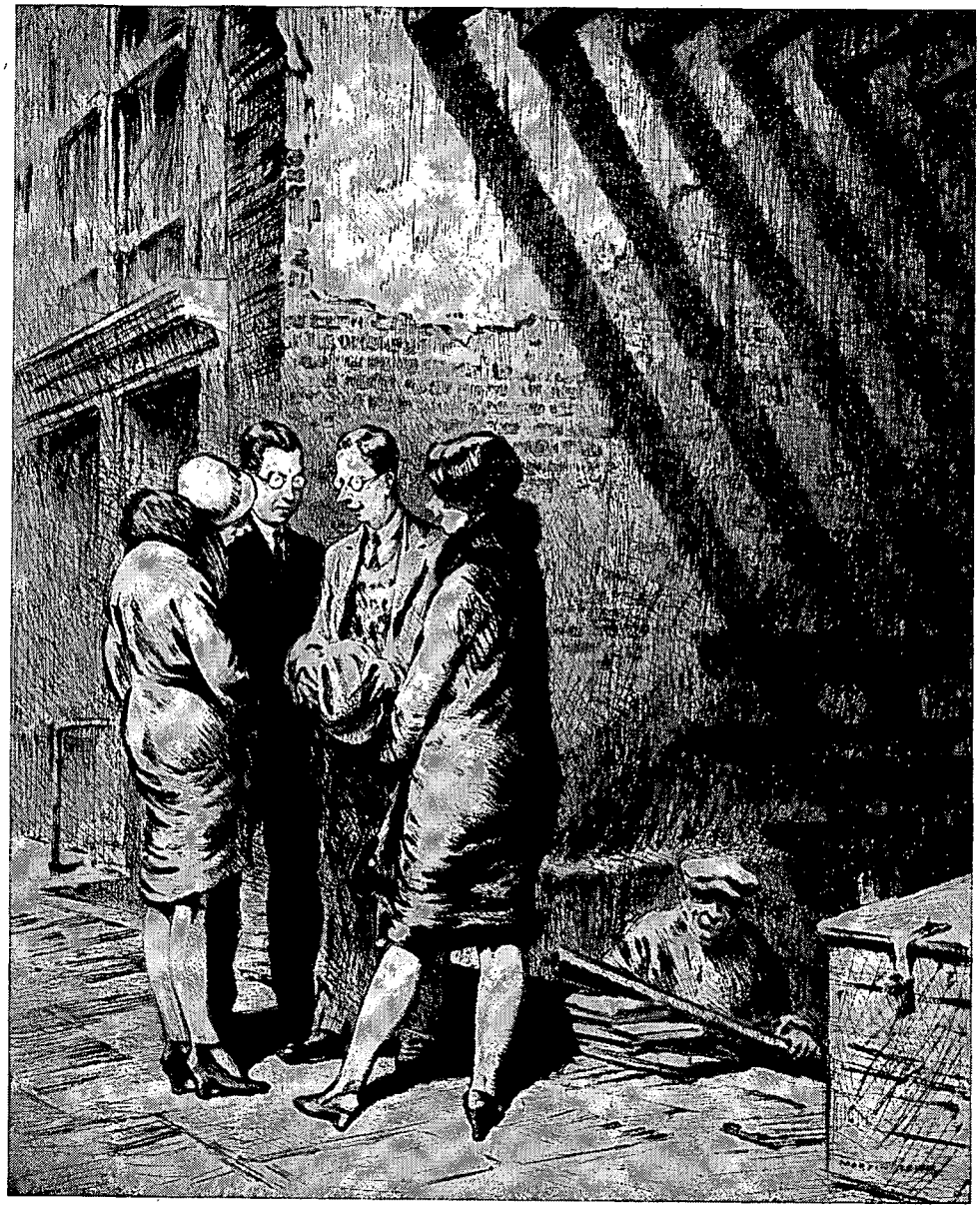
"You see him don't you? That one, three from the end on the back row, at the left, next to the palm?"

I believed that I had located him, but his father was not yet convinced. Again the muted whisper, "There, the one who just took out his handkerchief."

By this time I was beginning to feel the excitement of the hunt. "The tall one?" I buzzed into his ear.

Great excitement! "No, you're not looking in the right place. Now start at the left, count three—there he just put the handkerchief back." Being now certain that I had located him, his father settled back but only for a moment.

"You know we thought he couldn't come on account of his knee," he persisted. And then as the chorus sang on, I heard a whispered account of the casualty, the fear as to the proper setting, the pluck, the venture against the doctor's orders, the set-back—until it seemed nothing short of



Courtesy Kennedy and Company, New York

THE BOY FRIENDS

Drypoint by Martin Lewis

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a miracle that Clarence was actually singing baritone at the concert.

I have never forgotten him. I still hope that he is careful of his knee. But often I have reversed the situation in my imagination and tried to imagine Clarence showing a similar desire to point out his father to the tenor at his side. "There's Dad! See him? The one sitting next to the woman who sneezed. Look! No you're no looking in the right place. To locate my Dad you must count seventeen down and six across. He's a great fellow but you know he has lots of trouble with his glasses," and so on and so on. I am sure that Clarence is very fond of his father. But after he once got seated and waved his program at him, I doubt if he gave him a moment's thought.

THE fact is that Clarence's father is completely absorbed in Clarence, but Clarence is not completely absorbed in his father, his mother, nor in any of his progenitors. His father cares much more about what Clarence thinks of him than the reverse. If some giggling girl in green on the front row admires Clarence, his father may leave the room and his absence will not be noticed. Moreover the girl in green is deeply resenting the interest which her parents are taking in how she gets home. If only they would go, and crawl into the beds they recommend so highly, she might have a chance to let Clarence take her home. And on their way, although the parents will still be talking about the children, it is a 100 per cent certainty that their children will not be talking about them.

Many parents accept this state of things philosophically, though with a sigh. But many of them do not. They rigidly expect to dominate their children's dreams. It is not altogether pleasant for parents to fade into a twilight zone where the intensity of their personal interest is not returned. That I admit. But what can be done about it?

The fourth demand is—*Complete discretion in the handling of money.* Grant that a girl has always turned over her pay envelope unopened to her parents—she shall when the opportunity arrives be able to handle her own and her husband's wages with thrift and foresight! Or she shall be able to limit herself to the income of her poverty-stricken young husband, when she has been wasting the allowance of an indulgent father for at least fifteen years. No matter whether a child's idea of the purchasing value of a dime is as hazy as you would expect of one who has either had no dime to spend, or whose father's bottomless pocket has furnished an infinite supply—by a strange second sight she is supposed to know exactly how to handle the powerful weapon of spending money by instinct when the time comes to spend it.

As a matter of fact, how she spends it would make angels weep. The brain of man is exhausted in devising objects for her to waste her money on, and she rushes into the trap. A new cut of silk underwear every season, artificial flowers, and rhinestone buckles—these she must have. High-powered salesmanship has seen to that. It is nothing short of startling to meet in court a factory hand or dishwasher, born in the war zone, nourished in semi-starvation, landed but a few weeks from Ellis Island, unable to speak a word of any but some obscure Slavic dialect, and yet looking so identical with a native-grown product—chiffon stockings, lip-stick and all—that it seems as if nothing but stubbornness prevented her from talking in fluent American slang.

My friend Lida the waitress had learned some English from which I gathered that her quarrel with her mother was over her saving money out of her wages to pay five-dollar installments on her seventy-dollar coat, and for her permanent wave. "And I'll soon have to have another," she shrugged. A few years ago and she would have considered herself lucky if there were potatoes enough to go round. Now, as she says, "If a girl's hair ain't curly, what can she do?" The mother of her girl friend had got at the pay envelope first, so her daughter had been driven to steal the coat which she could not buy even by installments, and which she transformed by painting with water colors. Let any one with a fancy for imaginative introspection picture the repressed passion of a girl but lately attired in a shawl, who, when her recently acquired wages are taken from her, secretly decorates a stolen coat with water colors. It was the dream of that coat that brought her to this country. And such a vision must be reckoned with.

To come to our fifth requirement. After all, why does Jane hate to waste time in bed, in school, in work, but long to waste her substance on elaborate trifles? And why is her mind not absorbed with the virtues of her parents? Because she is thinking of her Boy Friend. There may be intervals when she thinks of something else, but if so I am in no position to know when. She appears to be steeped, she simmers, she all but drowns in dreams about the Boy Friend she knows, she wishes that she knew, or that she is determined to meet. Her angry and impatient parents deride her for it. They call her silly, boy-crazy, her head in the clouds, a picker-up of ne'er-do-weels—all of which is true, and which she might admit if she were listening. But she does not even hear them chattering about it. She can't be bothered with them. They are but the dull creak of the machinery behind the glorious vision of some thin and reedy Bud or Mike, who for the time being is her hero.

Jane's mother gives an icy glance to Bud and Mike speechlessly twiddling their hats. And used as I am to the Adonis, as pictured by Jane, turning out to be rather commonplace, even I often marvel at the foresight with which Nature has provided for every feather-brained girl, an equally slow-witted boy, and has arranged that they shall meet, and find each other not only bearable but alluring. What they talk about when they are alone is a mystery which they will carry to their graves. But they fascinate each other, and their parents cannot forgive them for it.

This then is the fifth requirement: *Love the right man at the matrimonial age when he has enough money to make him eligible but, before that, find him as devoid of lure as he actually is, when viewed through your mother's spectacles.*

ONLY five demands of Jane and John. Why are they so set on not fulfilling them? With all the pressure put upon them, surely they would succumb unless some powerful forces were pushing in the opposite direction. These forces are, of course, the *instincts*—which we say we believe in, but apparently few of us do. Any psychologist will insist that the instincts are so powerful that they kept the race alive through the centuries when there was nothing else to live on. And yet it seems as if many of us believed that such an ancient cosmic energy could be curbed by a reproof or stifled by a sneer. Many a time have I heard some moral adviser say with satisfaction—"I gave that girl a good talking to. She won't do *that* again." And I have mentally inquired—"Have you had an equal success in your suggestions to Niagara Falls, that it turn and run up hill?"

If the instincts of preservation of one's own ego, of complete absorption in one's offspring, and of romantic illusions

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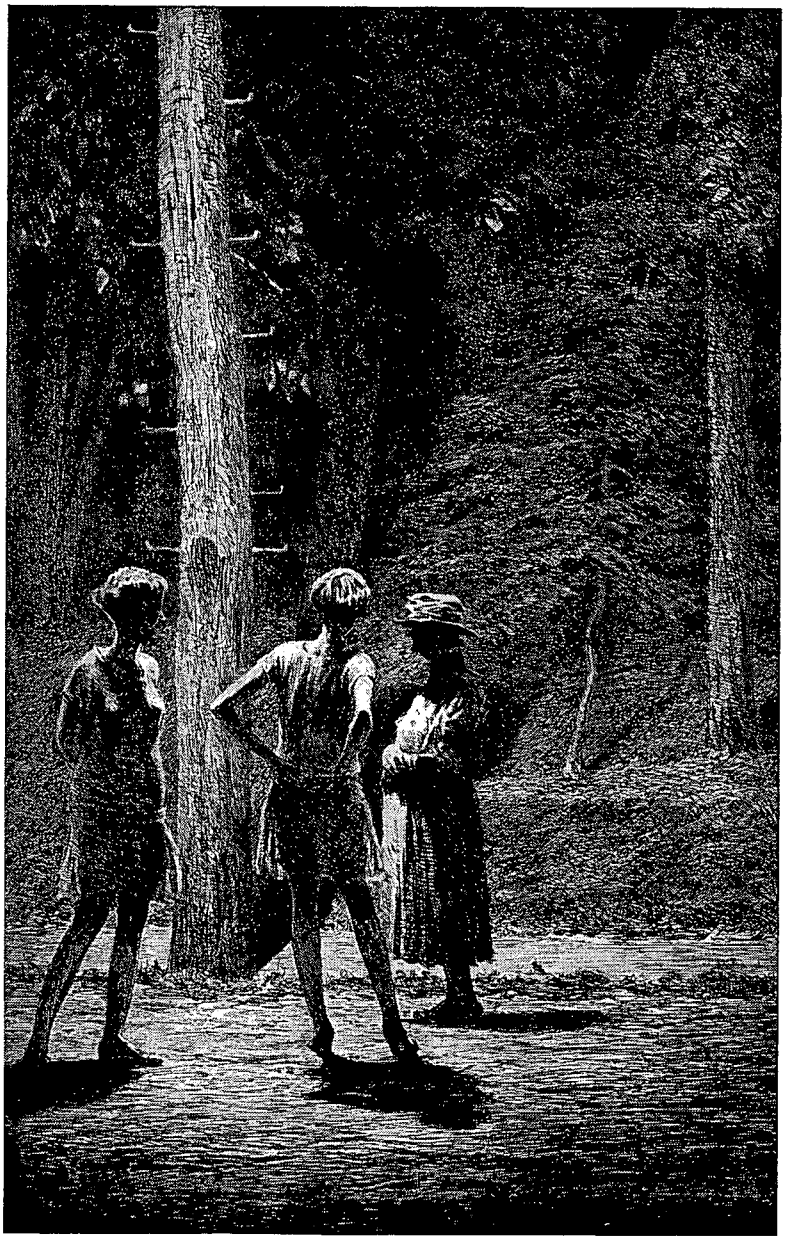
about one's mate—if these instincts of hoary age are to be turned back on themselves and made ineffective, it will take more than a sermon to do it. And who wants to do it? Whereas those who work with other forms of energy willingly recognize their strength, it often seems as if we moralists were curiously loath to respect the dynamics which we handle. Flood experts admit the pressure of water; electricians the destructive power of high voltages; anaesthetists have a healthy respect for opiates; mining engineers know what explosive gas can do. But those of us who deal with the biological forces which have driven tribal hordes across mountains and steppes to find food for their mates and children, which have kept spent swimmers at their stroke and half-frozen explorers dragging their packs, those forces which have flamed through all the poetry, drama and romance of the world's art—we expect these fires to be quenched at a word from us, and are impatient when the wheels of human instinct do not immediately grind backward on their axes, because we tell them to.

If Jane and John, heirs of a millennium of instinct and barely a crumb of training, are caught in the machinery of their inheritance—what else do we expect? Their excesses of self-expression, their stubbornness, their earrings, their baggy trousers, are absurd. But the valiant ego-instinct cannot be dismissed with such a word. The turning of the child's face from the proved parents to the untried mate, is the pathos of the family saga. But it is what keeps the family alive. And if Lizzie and Mike do not strikingly resemble Tristan and Isolde, they cannot help it that their proportions are not heroic. Such as they are, they think they are romantic. Their awkward love-making is their little candle beam in a dull world. The same flame lights their tiny beacon that lights the sun.

Electricity and wind, flood, and fire, left to themselves are devastating. Understood, conducted in their own channels, and given a fair outlet, they turn the wheels of industry, speed travelers on their way, turn deserts into gardens, and warm and light a million homes. Even more is this true of the primal instincts for, without their compelling drive, intelligence would be too languid to try to control either the natural elements or itself. If the lamp around which the family gathers, is fire, tamed; so is the family itself the product of tamed passions and the will-to-live. Instinct must be excessive. Barely enough of it would be as niggardly to live on, as barely enough of food or running water, of sunshine or of air to breathe. Nature may be terrifying, but she is not stingy.

Give me any time a Jane and John with an excess of instinctive life rather than too little. It takes a prodigious amount to get them over the hard places. Unless they over-estimate their own value and that of their children preposterously, their lack-luster bodies will be washed up on the beach, and their children will be left upon our doorsteps. The individual expression of such over-valuation may be, and often is, both trying and ridiculous. But the powerful instinctive drives behind it all are as majestic as lightning and the tides.

Other mechanics have learned to feel a profound respect for the elements with which they work. It is high time that all of us who deal with the human mechanism had as much.



Courtesy Kennedy and Company, New York

UNDER THE STREET LAMP

Etching by Martin Lewis

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The streets were packed with people shouting, "We want Teddy!"

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We Thought It Was Armageddon

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

THE streets were packed with people shouting: "We want Teddy." It was June, 1912. He stood up in his automobile at the door of the hotel and spoke briefly. I remember only the words, "Thou shalt not steal," and the eastern accent that so surprised me. This "rough-rider" spoke like the men I had heard in Harvard Yard, many years before. The first glimpse of Roosevelt confirmed the impression I had when I described him in my book of the previous year as "the Apostle of the Obvious." Filling the same role on the next Monday evening, he spoke in the Auditorium and finished with, "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord."

"It's too bad he can't leave the Bible and the Lord out of this row," I complained to a sympathetic newspaper man. But a few weeks later we shook the steel beams of the Coliseum with Onward Christian Soldiers and a politics-hardened reporter telegraphed his New York editor: "I can't make fun of this convention. This is a religion."

The progressive movement of 1912 was religious; a revolt of youth against age, of idealism against materialism. My generation was spoiling for a fight with the ancient enemies of progress—the self-satisfied. It was sick and tired of pot-bellied politicians; tired of bankers and business men preaching a one-day-in-seven version of the Golden Rule. It wanted to get religion, but not in churches patronized by thieves. So when T. R. located Armageddon and the band played marching hymns, we put on shining armor and went out to "battle for the Lord." It is altogether possible that the oncoming generation may do the same.

The Progressive Party did not spring full armed from the brain of Roosevelt. LaFollette had been battling for twenty years before he was elected governor of Wisconsin in 1900; and it was his campaign for the Republican nomination in 1911 and 1912 that demonstrated the political power of the rising demand for "social justice." Bryan's leadership in the Democratic Party since 1896 had been based on the same appeal. Wilson was nominated in 1912 as the logical successor to this leadership. Prosperity was not enough. "If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing," said Roosevelt at Carnegie Hall in March, 1912.

Yet Wilson had expressed the pious hope that something could be done to "knock Bryan into a cocked hat;" and I have a personal letter from Roosevelt written in 1917, describing Senator LaFollette as "one of the very few men who is distinctly worse than President Wilson." It appears that the outstanding leaders in the progressive movement disagreed rather vigorously regarding at least the methods of reaching the goal—if not the goal itself.

NOW it happens that I worked intimately, for years, with Roosevelt and LaFollette, that I had a long acquaintance and many associations with Bryan, and various close contacts with President Wilson's administration, as will appear hereafter. Upon this unprejudiced basis for appraising the public services of all these men, I know they were all truly "progressive"—in that their common goal was to lift up the level of the average well-being. Unfortunately they were so different in temperament, in personal habits and interests, which inevitably shape conduct, that not one could effectively cooperate with, or appreciate, the other. Yet, in his autobiography, LaFollette wrote: "Roosevelt is the keenest and ablest living interpreter of what I would call the superficial sentiment of a given time and he is spontaneous in his response to it." In cruder, but quite forceful language, Medill McCormick, in a conference over platform-writing, once said: "Fellows, we must remember that T. R. is great because he understands the psychology of the mutt."

With these witnesses, fortified by my own experience, I have concluded that "Roosevelt progressivism" expressed more accurately the mass sentiment of my generation than the vague generalizations of the evangelic Bryan, the close reasoning of the uncompromising LaFollette, or the erudite radicalism of Wilson. This "Roosevelt progressivism" did not question the existing order. It proposed changes in law, largely for the purpose of compelling or inducing men to be "good" instead of "bad." Public officials who behaved badly would be rejected, or their evil deeds would be annulled by popular vote. Employers would be directed to treat their employes well. Big business would be encouraged, if "good," and punished if "bad." The wicked strong people would be controlled and the good weak people would be protected.

This political program for bringing about "social justice" had several implications: 1. That there was a clear line between what was right and wrong. 2. That the People would vote right, if they had the chance.

Scouting for Progress

JESTING at "the Apostle of the Obvious," Donald Richberg mingled with the shouting crowds of Chicagoans who gathered wherever Roosevelt appeared in June, 1912—and presently found himself up to his ears in the Progressive Party. As director of the National Legislative Reference Bureau he furnished the powder and shot for the men in the field. And as candidate for office, lawyer and writer, he played many parts in that "movement" which caught up the young men of his time, and held them, until "the World War began its wholesale destruction of faith, plundering my generation of its spiritual heritage."

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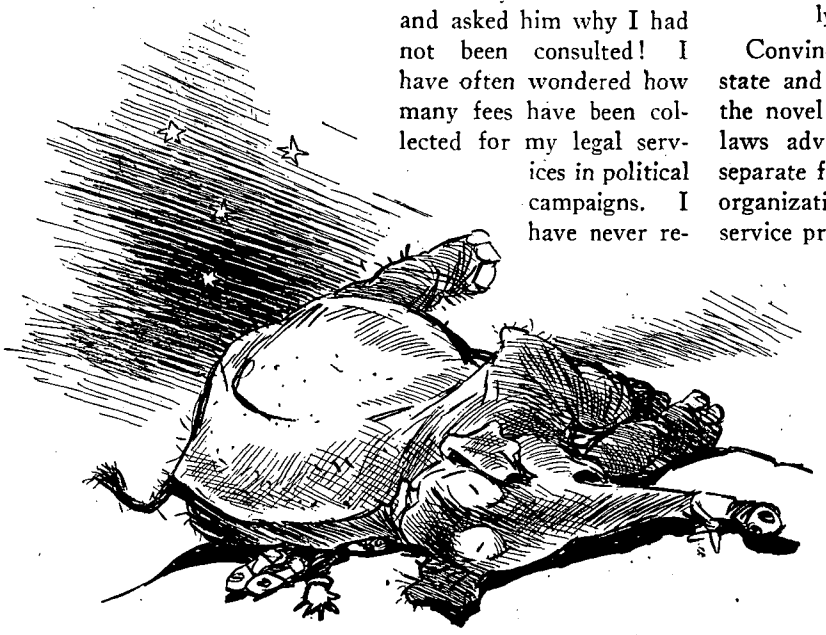
3. That if public officials were responsive to public opinion, they would know what was right and would do it. Since the terrible lessons of the World War, it has become somewhat evident: 1. That what is right or wrong is frequently a question for scientific, rather than popular opinion. 2. That the People can't vote right unless they have the capacity for right judgment. 3. That public officials, responsive to public opinion, may follow either propaganda or prejudice and neither know what is right, nor how to do it.

BUT the "Roosevelt progressivism" was based on what the Colonel well called a "confession of faith." It had a creed. You accepted it and joined the church. And so the Progressive National Convention was a great revival meeting. Prosperity was the natural ideal—not for the few, as Roosevelt pointed out, but for the many. Government should lift the poverty-stricken to the happy level of the well-to-do. In this glorious hour of political intoxication, the prophet Beveridge cried: "Pass Prosperity Around;" and at once a banner, already painted with the new-born slogan, fell from the ceiling. If not a miracle, this was at least a miraculous conception. We wept and we cheered and we sang, "His truth is marching on."

Medill McCormick wrinkled more deeply his youthful, furrowed brow and said: "Think of me and Jane Addams on the same platform!" But there also stood George W. Perkins and Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Bill Flinn of Pittsburgh and Raymond Robins of Chicago. There was room on that platform for any one who had seen Peter Pan and believed in fairies.

From August to November, in the year 1912, is one of my nightmare memories. I was trying to attend to private business and to devote ten hours a day to handling litigation for the Progressive Party. We had to fight the old party election machinery every step of the way and, as an enthusiastic volunteer, I was made responsible for the legal battles in Illinois. Years later I was informed that a group of candidates contributed $1,200 for my services in one contest. But the party chairman, learning by careful inquiry that I did not expect pay, turned the money into the general fund. He was much amused when I eventually learned about my "contribution" and asked him why I had not been consulted! I have often wondered how many fees have been collected for my legal services in political campaigns. I have never received any. But I have received a good many letters like the following from the then head of the Progressive Party organization in Illinois:



"We're with you now," a thin voice gasped—"beneath you lying flat!'

My dear Don:

I know that you have received no due recognition for your services. I wish you were a candidate for some office within the party, within the city or within the state, that I might in the most public fashion possible, demand your recognition for your most unselfish devotion to the cause.

The reason I transcribe this letter is because there came a time when President Wilson informed my friends that he would be "very glad to appoint Mr. Richberg to the Federal Trade Commission" if ——— would approve. He declined to approve, and so I was kept free from the restraints of this public office; for which I have been duly grateful . . . although I did not appreciate the kindness at the time.

THE results of the 1912 campaign were most encouraging to the Progressive leadership (which had little expectation of electing Roosevelt) and even to the optimistic rank and file, when the defeat of the old guard Republicans was fairly appraised. Over a thousand workers gathered rejoicing in a "victory" dinner in Chicago, November 14, and their sentiments were reflected in the following extracts from some verses that I read on that occasion:

"I am not dead," the elephant rolled up one bloodshot eye;
"I may lie prostrate on the ground but yet how well I lie!
"My eyes are blurred; I cannot hear men shouting in my ears;
"But what of that! I have been blind and deaf for many years.
"When I have eased my broken bones I shall stand up again;
"And legs that now are scrambled will be legs unscrambled then."

The Elephant half rose and cried again: "I am not dead!
"I shall arise and then progress—as soon as I am fed."
"We do not wish you to progress;" thus coldly spoke E. Root;
"Stay here and listen to the steam calliope toot! toot!"
He rang a bell and whispered to Jim Watson: "Do your worst."
The steamer tooted: "Darling I am Growing Old"—and burst!
Loud shrieked the tortured Elephant: "Bring on the funeral wreath!
"My tusks have been extracted and made into Teddy teeth.
"Oh, where, where are the doctor men who tied me up last June
"When I had fits and tried to dance to that Progressive tune?
"Before the cyclone hit us they were with me standing pat."
"We're with you now," a thin voice gasped—"beneath you lying flat."

Convinced that a "new day had dawned" in politics, a state and national Progressive Service was organized with the novel idea that party platforms might be written, new laws advanced, and voters educated by an organization separate from the office-seeking political machine. The party organization was generally skeptical, if not hostile; but the service promoters would not be denied and as they included not only intellectual but also financial supporters (who should not be alienated) the service was allowed to organize and was then quietly and effectively sabotaged by its opponents.

When the Illinois Progressive Service Board was organized, I was made chairman and it is interesting to recall that (in addition to a group of distinguished men) its membership included Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, Miss Mary McDowell, Mrs. Medill McCormick (subsequently Republican national committeeman) and Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank (subsequently Democratic national committeeman). Here, as elsewhere, the uniting of a later divergent

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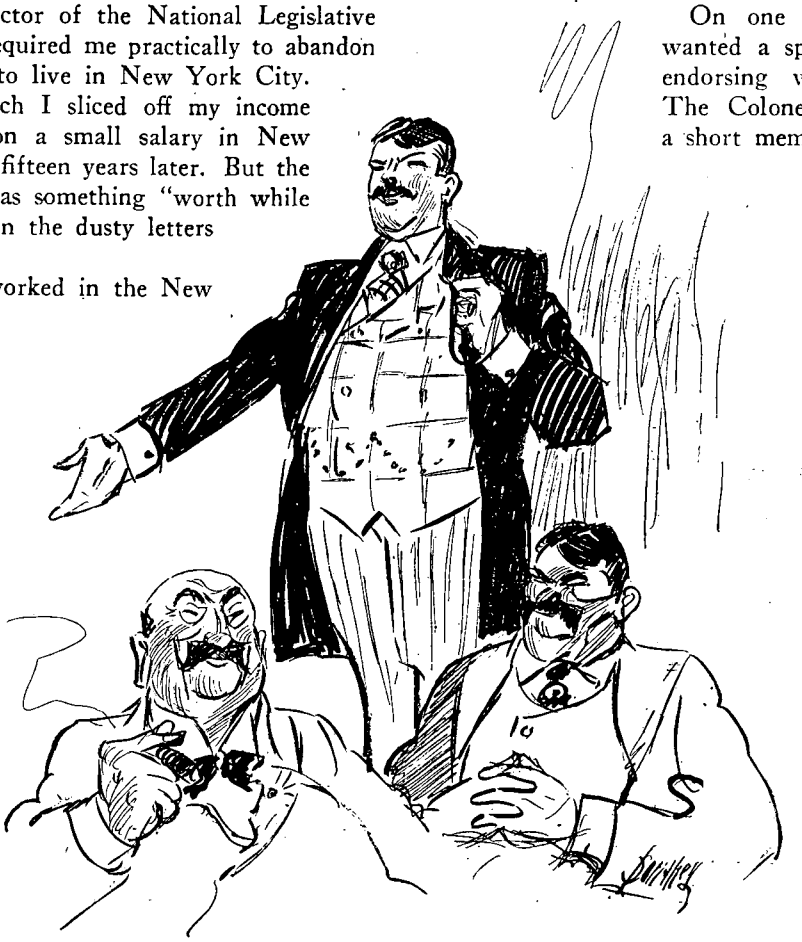
leadership showed the dominant influence of "Roosevelt progressivism." In studying its rise and fall closely, we may draw the curve of our "progress" so as to project it across the chart of today into the dream sketches of tomorrow.

SOON after the Illinois Service was organized, I was asked to become director of the National Legislative Reference Bureau. This required me practically to abandon my Chicago practice and to live in New York City. The enthusiasm with which I sliced off my income and undertook existence on a small salary in New York is not easy to revive fifteen years later. But the idea that here, at least, was something "worth while doing" is plainly written in the dusty letters of that period.

For many months we worked in the New York headquarters with a joyous zeal. Bills were drafted to fulfill the pledges of the Progressive platform. Briefs, reports, speeches and letters were written to aid party leaders to push our "program" in state legislatures and in Congress. No day was long enough to answer all the correspondence and to keep up with the demands for "service." Colonel Roosevelt wrote an article in the Saturday Evening Post, which referred rather generously to what my bureau was trying to do; and for days thereafter we could not even sort the letters that flowed into my small office. Usually work ceased at midnight only because the elevators stopped running. It was amazing how difficulties faded away in the atmosphere of enthusiasm for public work. One example will suffice.



"Let Caesar get what's coming to him," shouted Bathhouse John

No subject was apparently weighted with greater difficulties than trust regulation. I was warned that George W. Perkins would oppose anything effective, as he was not only chairman of the Progressive Executive Committee, but also chairman of the Finance Committee of the U. S. Steel Corporation. Of course, Roosevelt, with his ideas of "good" and "bad" trusts, would support Perkins! The chairman of the Legislative Reference Committee was Dean Lewis of the University of Pennsylvania Law School. On the committee were Herbert Knox Smith, former commissioner of corporations, James R. Garfield, former secretary of the interior, Dean Kirchwey of Columbia, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Professor Merriam of Chicago, Gifford Pinchot, Francis J. Heney, Jane Addams and Walter E. Weyl. What a hopeless job it would be to reconcile the views of these vigorous-minded individuals of widely differing personal bias! But these imagined obstacles melted away.

At the outset it was readily agreed that Perkins would not be consulted. For his sake and ours he should have no responsibility. (Yet when all our federal bills were published, although Perkins did not particularly approve of the anti-trust bills, he said that the work of the bureau on this one job was worth its whole cost.) Inside three months practically the entire congressional program of bills had been drafted and approved by the committee. The anticipated difficulties involved in dealing with Roosevelt melted away as shown by two incidents.

On one occasion a congressman wanted a special letter from T. R. endorsing workmen's compensation. The Colonel told me to give him a short memo of what I thought he should say; which I did. A day or two later, he phoned me to see him and then handed me a letter which was almost word for word what I had written.

"Is that all right?" he asked, peering at me through his glasses. Then he added with a grin, "If it isn't you write it over."

"No," I answered, laughing, "it suits me the way it was originally written!"

When the three anti-trust bills were finished, I met the Colonel at Newport (where he had made a speech) and returned to New York with him on the night boat. We sat on the upper deck after dinner and I explained the bills, section by section. When I had finished, after very few interruptions, he said: "Now let me see if I understand this." Then he proceeded step by step to summarize the legislation, a remarkable demonstration of his ability to absorb information rapidly. We then discussed a few points in detail, particularly the more **unusual and "radical" provisions.**

"THAT'S fine," he said in conclusion, "I approve absolutely. I will endorse them and support them in any way I can. You tell Murdock [who was to introduce them] he can count on me."

There was a brief silence. Then the Colonel said:

"You know it is the way of American politics that some one person must always be standing in the limelight, shouting, 'I stand for this,' and 'I stand for that.' I used to think about it often when I was in the White House, announcing my position or my policy on this and that subject; and all the time back there in the shadows were those splendid fellows, Pinchot and Newell and Smith, doing all the drudging work. It doesn't seem quite fair. But that's the way it has to be."

And years later Gifford Pinchot commented: "Yes, that's what T. R. would say. But he did a lot of the work himself; and his policies were really (*Continued on page* 758)

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Toy-making Turned to Gay Propaganda

FROM the Lenci Studios, in Turin, Italy, where the famous felt dolls are made, come these gay felt posters recently imported by the National Dairy Council. They are part of a series setting forth the eight health rules in colors so clear and costumes so quaint that all who run will read. They were first shown at a special exhibit in the Children's Room of the Chicago Art Institute where their charm and originality attracted much favorable attention, and they are now trouping about the country, loaned by the National Dairy Council to entertain at tea in The Survey office, to enliven the exhibit hall at the Cleveland meeting of the National Education Association, and so on.

It is the plan to use these modern young descendants of the patchwork-quilt idea chiefly for exhibit purposes and also to lend them to centers in health education for use in teacher-training departments, both as suggestions for a new poster medium and as a means of stimulating new ideas for presenting the common-sense rules of health in a spirited way. Also, as is pointed out by their cicerone, Aubyn Chinn, health-education director of the National Dairy Council, since felt is easily cleaned, they can be loaned or rented to schools without fear of the grubby young fingers that might rub against them as they were used to work out various projects with the children.

Coming as they do from the artistocratic home of the most expensive dolls in the world, these posters represent an original outlay beyond the hopes of many of the nurseries and schools whose walls may fairly ache for them. They suggest, however, new possibilities for home talent plus needle and thread and cloth; and a new point of departure in using the imagination of doll-makers to turn the attention of youthful minds towards ideas outside the realm of toys. Application for loan rights may be made to Miss Chinn at 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Putting Old Man River to Work[1]

A Scheme to Harness Muscle Shoals to the Mississippi and Bring the Ocean to the Middle West

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

THE largest problem of the next generation is the conversion of the Lower Mississippi Valley into an empire of health, wealth and happiness. Today it is the sore spot of the nation—an area as great as Germany cursed with swamps, floods, malaria, hookworm, boll weevil, and almost universal poverty. From Memphis to the Gulf, it is thinly peopled with whites and blacks who have never known the American standard of living.

At the same time the Middle West and the North West see in the lower Mississippi River a way to new wealth. So huge is the volume of traffic west and south of Chicago that railways cannot handle it expeditiously and cheaply. We must have inland waterways comparable to those of Europe, if not far greater.

Years hence we shall all of us need the food that the richest soil of America can yield. This soil lies along the river bottoms of the Mississippi and its tributaries, where floods and year-round wetness interfere with cultivation. As our population approaches 200,000,000 and as a larger fraction lives in cities, we must turn to the black earth of those bottoms for our food.

The project I have developed brings together, in a single, closely organized procedure, all of the important enterprises which must be carried on if we are to add $25,000,000,000 to the capital value of the Mississippi Valley cities and farms during the next quarter-century. My project will accomplish, at one stroke, all of the following aims:

1. It will build deep waterways from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico.
2. It will end floods in the lower Mississippi Valley except in a few very small areas up the larger tributaries.
3. It will, within a few years after the deep waterways and flood-control methods have been completed, vastly reduce the menace of malaria over about 25,000 square miles.
4. It will, at the same time, establish the basis for such future reclamation work as may prove profitable.
5. It will turn all the electrical power of Muscle Shoals and whatever other power plants may later be erected along the Tennessee River and its upper tributaries to the perpetual service of the people of the United States. Thereby it will take Wilson Dam forever out of politics.
6. And—most incredible of all promises—*it will accomplish these five things without our having to vote another dollar from the federal treasury beyond what has already been set aside for these particular aims.*

A fairy story? Very well! Let us see.

Down to 1919 the government had spent, in all, on trying to create waterways in the Mississippi and its tributaries, $429,402,793.78. Of this, fully one-half was wasted, due to various causes of which the chief were the employment of inefficient labor done on the day's work basis by hordes of low-grade toilers under the supervision of the U.S.A. Engineers' Corps, and the lack of machines designed to cope with work of such difficulty and magnitude as the Mississippi presents.

SINCE 1919, matters have improved considerably. But they are not yet ironed out. Evidence is at hand in the events since the great Mississippi flood of 1927, which prompted the Congress to appropriate $325,000,000 for flood control. How this vast sum is to be spent has been left wholly to the discretion of the Flood Control Board, which has thus far displayed no grasp of the total situation. One phase it sees; the rest not at all.

Its gravest error is that *it fails to plan, in one program, for the three closely interrelated problems of the Mississippi.* We are plunging ahead on flood control, which, in the long run, is the least important of the three.

The second worst flaw in government policy is the failure to link up all our national resources in a well-integrated attack on the Mississippi. We seem to have been thinking pin-headedly about an enterprise whose size and difficulties reduce the Panama Canal to child's play. We buy mules and scoops and dinky little steam shovels. We hire thousands of low-grade black toilers. We fail utterly to conceive the job as one calling for super-engineering, super-machines, and super-power. The work is going on pretty much as it always has since the Chinese first shovelled up dirt along the Yellow River.

SURVEY GRAPHIC here publishes for the first time the outline of a plan which would take Muscle Shoals out of the realm of politics and power propaganda and set it to work at dredging the Mississippi. Using only the present Congressional appropriation for flood control, Mr. Pitkin would not only cage the spring floods but provide a deep waterway for ocean steamers from the Gulf of Mexico to St. Louis, and turn the Mississippi bottom lands into one of the world's greatest and richest market gardens. His plan will puzzle some engineers and amaze others, particularly in its present form, where limitations of space have barred out most of the technical detail of his calculations, to be published later in book form. It is put forward as a striking example of the application of a creative imagination to a group of problems in conservation heretofore not recognized as related to one another.

[1] Copyright 1929 by Walter B. Pitkin

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The Mississippi River Control Board intends to distribute the appropriation of $325,000,000 chiefly as follows:

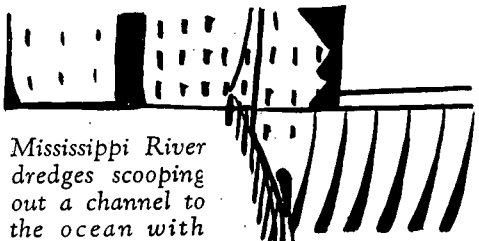
For higher levees	$180,000,000
For revetments	80,000,000
For spillways	15,000,000

The balance will be spread over a variety of lesser enterprises. The Army engineers believe that fully $175,000,000 more must later be made available to conquer floods. That is, $500,000,000 will have to be spent on methods which, even if wholly successful, will achieve nothing but flood control.

As you read this article, more than 15,000 laborers are sweating away with shovels and mules and plows. Little steam shovels are puffing away, lifting two or three cubic yards of earth at a scoop. Black men are weaving willow mattresses by hand, as their ancestors did ten thousand years ago in Mesopotamia and the Nile Valley. They are scurrying up and down the river in "quarter boats," hunting for leaks and zealously plugging them as best they can. So far as I can ascertain there is no resemblance between the way work is being done there and the way it was done on the Panama Canal. A million-horse-power task is being tackled in a hundred-horse-power way. The machines and methods which contractors use on small jobs are being applied to the remodelling of an empire.

What if the Control Board suddenly realized that this unique job calls for unique machines and unique installations? They would seek, first of all, for enormous power. Knowing, as every engineer does, that the most expensive labor in the world is unskilled hand labor, they would reduce the toilers of this type to a minimum. Next, they would cast about for special machinery to work at speeds hitherto undreamed-of. Just as the world's first dipper dredge of 15-yard capacity was designed for cleaning the Panama Canal, so would the Control Board experiment with a dipper dredge that picked up perhaps as much as 100 cubic yards of soil at a bite. And likewise with power drag-scrapers, ditch-digging machines and everything else.

Sooner or later, the Control Board might come around to the delicate question as to the utility of the present Army plan of raising levees three feet higher for a thousand miles. It costs about sixty dollars a running foot to bank up and reinforce a levee. About one thousand miles of levees call for this treatment. That will cost $316,800,000. And every dollar will be wasted, not in graft, but simply through lack of creative organization. High levees, bigger floods, more spillways! And no ship channels to the sea! No drainage! No reclamation!



Mississippi River dredges scooping out a channel to the ocean with power brought from Muscle Shoals in trolley wires.

Then, I hope, they might discover that the best way to control the Mississippi is to forget the classical Chinese method. Let Old Man River sleep in his long, wet bed! Stop walling him in with slippery dirt. Turn to the more creative job of making the greatest inland waterways the world has ever known! And, if you do this in one particular way, you will achieve perfect flood control without one dollar's extra cost! The money has already been appropriated.

Now, there are two ways of making a ship canal from St. Louis to the Gulf. One is to dredge the Mississippi to a depth of thirty feet or more. The other is to make a wholly new channel somewhere alongside Old Man River. It is as foolish to attempt to remake the crooked Mississippi into a thirty-foot channel for ocean vessels as to remodel a second-hand automobile of poor material into a 1929 sedan. We are forced back to making a deep waterway along some new channel. What can be done in this manner? Almost anything, if we use the right power in the right way!

Let Muscle Shoals clean up the Mississippi Valley!

This is good logic, good business, good engineering, and good statesmanship. For the first time since the days of George Washington, an engineer-statesman will soon move into the White House. For the first time in many years, a proposal like the one I submit may hope for a fair chance of being considered as a matter of business, engineering and statesmanship, rather than a piece of politics.

WE have on our hands the well-known Mississippi Valley and its floods. We shall continue to have them on our hands for several centuries, no matter what we do, for rains will go on falling as usual and the Mississippi Valley will go on being as flat as a board so that rains will not flow off fast. Whatever we decide to do, we must think in terms of generations.

We also have on our hands Muscle Shoals and Wilson Dam, with its immense electrical power. We have invested more than $60,000,000 in it and have a magnificent plant.

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But, as President Coolidge said recently: "We have expended on Muscle Shoals vast fortunes, we have taxed everybody, but we are unable to secure results which benefit anybody." We have considered using the plant to make fertilizers for farmers; but we cannot produce these any more cheaply than the farm-fertilizer companies do. Nor as well!

You are familiar with Henry Ford's bid for the plant. The Congress rejected it as too low, and then adopted a makeshift policy of selling current to the Alabama Power Company at the rate of two mills per kilowatt hour. This price is fair enough. It is about what the largest power consumers are paying to the largest hydro-electric concerns elsewhere. Unfortunately, however, our revenues from this source are trifling, and for a somewhat technical reason which must here be explained. The Alabama Power Company is buying only 100,000 kilowatts, or thereabouts, because the power developed at Muscle Shoals ranges from about 87,300 horse power at low water to something like 1,000,000 horse power at flood water; and as power for factories and homes must be delivered in an even flow, the company can buy only the minimum amount developed—the rest is wasted, or not sold.

When the ocean comes to St. Louis

But now we come to a remarkable fact which nobody has observed hitherto. *If we use Muscle Shoals power for Mississippi flood control for the next quarter century, the fluctuation in the seasonal amounts of electricity makes little difference.* Indeed, it may prove a distinct advantage, for high water on the Tennessee above Wilson Dam comes at the same time as high water in the lower Mississippi, and this is the period when our pumps and dredges must be working to capacity. So nearly all of the power can be used as no public-utility concern can use it.

I PROPOSE that the federal government and the states of the lower Mississippi Valley combine in a project to run 220,000-volt power lines from Muscle Shoals to the entire section of the flood areas lying within three hundred miles of Wilson Dam. I propose that the power be used to operate electric dredges and scrapers and graders, for digging new channels, raising levees, and cutting drainage ditches wherever needed. Let's look at this as a fifty-year project. As a matter of fact, it is a 250-year project. For the Mississippi is a geological fact. But, fortunately, so are Muscle Shoals. One will last as long as the other.

How much power can Muscle Shoals hurl against Old Man River in the course of half a century? And what can engineers do with that power?

The great power plant produces what engineers call "primary power" of 700,000,000 kilowatt hours per year. "Primary power" means power that is sure to be on tap, at any hour of day or night. In addition to this, there are produced 1,490,000,000 kilowatt hours per year of "secondary power," made by the variable flow of high water caused by seasonal rains and thawing in the high Appalachians. All this from Wilson Dam. When Dam No. 3 is built, several miles further upstream, it will increase this total by about one-third.

Leaving wholly out of our reckoning the 450,000,000 kilowatt hours which are available only during the twenty-five days of peak flood every year, we find that about 2,920,000,000 kilowatt hours will flow from this titanic source. Consider first its cash value. Current at Wilson Dam is very cheap. Probably it costs no more than one mill per kilowatt hour to generate. Double this to care for the cost of long-distance transmission lines, with many substations, to the banks of the Mississippi.

What is the Flood Control Board paying for power there now?

The Army engineers have reported on the operations of their Mississippi hydraulic dredges operated by steam from small portable boilers. These dredges stir up earth with water and pump the mixture through a long discharge pipe. The cheapest dredge they have is a twenty-inch affair; working in mud and clay, it uses 2½ pounds of coal per cubic yard pumped. Another dredge, with a twelve-inch pipe working in sand and shells, pumps this stubborn mixture only by burning 15.6 pounds of coal for every cubic yard pumped. The most efficient dredge is burning up one-quarter cent's worth of coal to pump a cubic yard of mixed water and dirt. Add the labor of stokers, the engineer, the capital value of the boiler, and so on. So the cost, as admitted by all engineers, runs between six and eight cents per cubic yard of earth removed.

Here then is the absurdity. Our Army officials sell Muscle Shoals power to the Alabama Power Company for two mills per kilowatt hour and then buy steam power for

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dredging the Mississippi at six to eight cents per kilowatt hour.

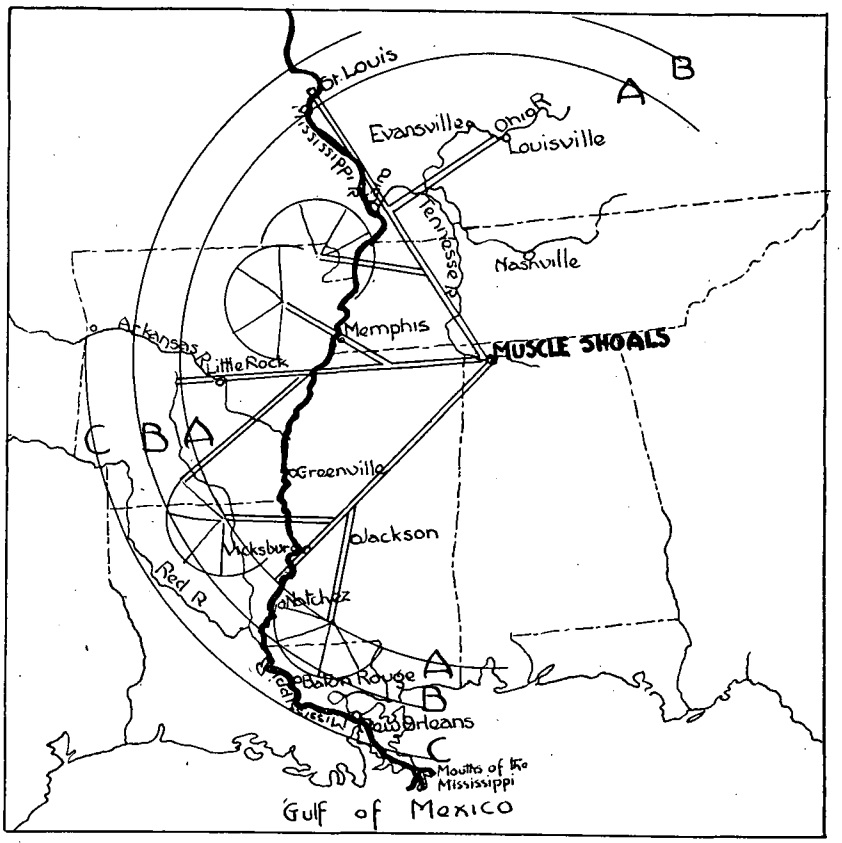
Computations too technical to quote here show that if we delivered our own Muscle Shoals power to ourselves along the Mississippi River at a cost of not over four mills per kilowatt hour, we would be saving at least 2.6 cents per kilowatt hour. This would amount to an economy of $26,000 per million cubic yards of earth dredged, even if used in the present small generating units. In large power units, the saving would easily double this. On the single job of raising the levees, as planned under General Jadwin's program, this would mean a saving of $914,000 in power costs, using the present sizes of machines; nearly $1,750,000, were we to adopt super-dredges and super-scrapers.

ON a ten-year project of reservoir building and installation of spillways and flood channels, at least 200,000,000 cubic yards of earth would have to be moved—possibly 1,000,000,000. On the minimum basis, we should lop $5,200,000 off the power bill; and on the maximum basis, $26,000,000. Or, with super-machines, $10,400,000 as a minimum, $52,000,000 as a maximum. These savings, however, do not tell the whole story, for the use of super-machines would cut present labor bills to a tiny fraction of their present magnitude. Finally, we should convert Muscle Shoals into a profitable going enterprise and keep it busy for generations.

How much power can reach the job, and what can it do there? At 100 miles from the power plant, 6 per cent of the power generated is lost; at 200 miles, 10 per cent; at 300 miles, 13 per cent; transformers are about 95 per cent efficient. Thus for every 1,000 kilowatt hours received in the 220,000-volt current, they feed out to low-voltage lines about 950 kilowatt hours. Now, as you can see on the map, the vast bulk of the flood-control work will be done within 250 miles of Wilson Dam, much within 125 miles. So take as the average transmission and transformer losses for the entire region about 12 per cent or 13 per cent, which means that Muscle Shoals can hurl against Old Man River some 2,500,000,000 kilowatt hours every twelve months. That is, this energy will reach the dredges, ditchers and scrapers. And, if we wish, it will reach them for ten, fifty, or a hundred years; and the longer we spend it there, the more we shall get for our money, per day, per man, per kilowatt and per machine. For, as the channels improve, so will the conditions of work.

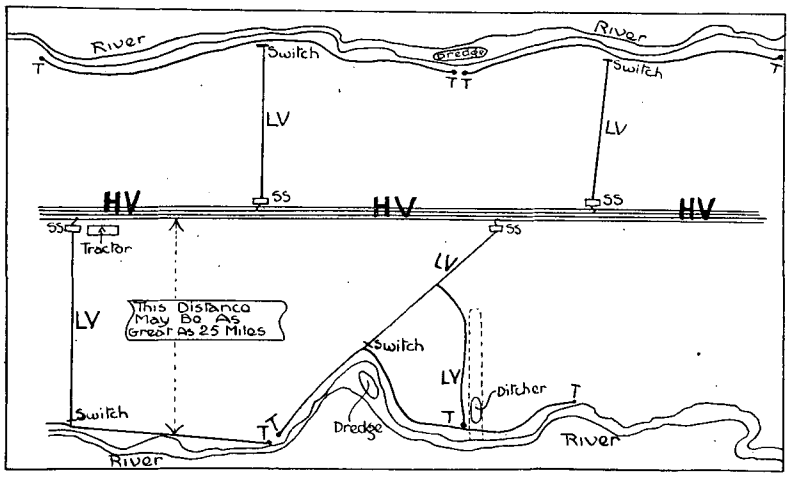
Now just what will these inconceivably vast energies accomplish? They will utterly conquer the lower Mississippi from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. They will utterly conquer the Ohio, as far up as West Virginia. Let us see how.

Dredges of the largest size having continuous bucket ladders, like the newest types built in Holland for work on the Zuyder Zee, scoop up and dump one ton of earth per hour for every horse power in their engines. The Pittsburgh Flood Commission uses a small (*Continued on page* 755)



HITCHING UP MUSCLE SHOALS TO THE MISSISSIPPI

Transmission lines from Wilson Dam would reach practically the whole flood area within a radius of 300 miles. This is shown on the map by the curving line A-A, running from Mobile, which is outside the valley, to a point a little north of Natchez, thence through Monroe, Louisiana, onward to a point some 30 miles west of Little Rock, Arkansas, and northward in a long sweep to within 10 miles of St. Louis. At the northeast, it passes through Louisville. With transformers, the power can be delivered effectively some 40 or 50 miles further, as shown by the arc B-B, which skirts the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, barely misses Baton Rouge and includes all of the flood regions of Arkansas that do not fall within the 300-mile zone.



CROSS SECTION OF THE TROLLEY ON THE JOB

H-V is the 220,000-volt line. L-V are the low-voltage branch lines, which may easily be 25 miles long. S-S are portable sub-station transformers hauled by tractors. T, trolley terminals. SWITCHES, low voltage lines to throw the current in two or more directions.

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Pacts, Cruisers and—Then What?

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

IN the old Saxon chronicles, if I remember rightly, women were called "weavers of peace." That's their intrinsic job rather than rolling bandages and knitting socks for the soldiers. War, on the other hand, has been essentially a phenomenon of man's world; but now that women, in nation after nation, have the vote, they are bound to bear something more than a poultice relationship to it. That they are taking their responsibilities on in earnest was illustrated the fortnight the Kellogg-Briand Pact was pending when representatives of ten great women's organizations were convened in Washington by the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War of which Mrs. Catt is general chairman. Grouped by state delegations, they called upon their senators, urging ratification.

Thus women are no longer confined to moral influence as weavers of peace. No longer bobbin girls; they have seats at the loom. And because of their new say as to what shall be woven and how, men come to them with the patterns they would like to see woven and say, "Here are the yarns and the designs; you help us fashion them."

First come the experts at war—the military and naval men. They say, "Here be red and black threads, blood and iron, with fuses for tassels. You must weave them as a border of defense around the warp and woof of our national life that you and your children may be safe." And in response to that call, the fortnight the cruiser bill was pending, other women's formations marshalled under various patriotic auxiliaries and memorial designations, descended upon the national capital in support of it.

This dramatic change in the position of women epitomizes the changed position of civilians generally. The years 1914-18 taught us that war is no longer merely a game for armed forces; under the new conditions, there are no non-combatants. Peace is no longer merely a game for the diplomats; under the new conditions, the people are taking a hand. And before us all are placed these conflicting counsels.

YOU will perhaps recall the explorer's recipe for catching lions. "Take a desert," he said, "and put it through a sieve. What comes through is the sand; what is left are the lions." And if we put all this talk of the need for preparedness for war and self-defense through the sieve of common sense, we find a residue of trained fighting men in each country, who make a sincere case for keeping up military and naval establishments. They are the lions, and they cherish the notion that it was Mr. and Mrs. Androcles and the Androcles children who bound up their wounds when they had thorns in their feet. They want to protect us and not to eat us up. We can respect and understand them. They know that in a world which is—so much of it—a desert of old hates and fears, the profession of amity between nations has too often proved a rope of sand. It gives way and, in the final show-down, the soldiers have been turned to, and they call for the organization and equipment that will enable them to function in an unstable world.

They can make out a pretty good case so long as we do not weave our peace out of stronger fiber than in the past. And in a period of transition, while we are setting up new looms, we could give them a greater measure of our confidence except for four great discounts which lie—

1.—in their associations. Back of them range all those forces for jingoism, for cynicism, for imperialism that warp and twist military and naval webs of self-defense into great knots with which they bludgeon each other.

2.—in the simultaneous efforts put forward to thread the youth of America into the old discredited mechanisms of military training and service which Europe has found so disastrous. At a time when one branch of the United States government has called on the nations of the world to renounce war as a national policy, we find the pressure of another branch exerted to spread military drill in the colleges and highschools of the United States.

3.—in the highly elastic guesses of the martial mind as to how big this instrument must be to make us safe. As Senator Harrison pointed out in the course of debate, the plea for fifteen cruisers and an outlay of $270,000,000 was made in the name of a well-rounded navy. But that was the plea made a year ago when $700,000,000 was asked for, and he recalled that when this bill was up on the floor of the house, the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee said it was the beginning of a program that would call for an outlay of three and one-half billion dollars. The trouble with a well-rounded naval program is that while its curves may remain constant, there are no limits to its circumference.

4.—in the helplessness of the war technicians to call a halt on their competitive arming. The World War demonstrated that as never before, and ten years after the war to end war we are told that six million men are serving in the active forces of the fifty-one principal countries of the world, twenty-seven million are enrolled in their trained reserves, and the vast majority of countries have increased their war power above the 1913 level.

At the hands of the technicians, the disarmament question is in deadlock. True, the great sea powers cut down on battleships at the Washington conference, and I would

JOHN DEWEY has said that the simpler method of asserting a great idea is distinctly and typically American. The last time Congress solemnly delivered itself along lines kindred to the Kellogg-Briand Pact was also in conjunction with a naval bill—that of 1926, the preamble of which declared it "to be the policy of the United States to adjust and settle its international disputes through mediation or arbitration to the end that war may be honorably avoided." Within twelve months we had entered the great war. How can we enter the Great Peace now?

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not minimize either the moral force of that gathering or its constructive political consequences in the Pacific. But, as was pointed out at the time, to cut out battleships in this epoch of airplanes, submarines and gases could only be compared to a conference of feudal powers at the close of the Middle Ages, had they solemnly agreed to abolish stone castles when the invention of gunpowder had made them obsolete. You will remember the phrase of the old bow-man in the Cloister and the Hearth. "The Devil is dead," said he on every occasion. But this devil of the war machine has as many lives as a cat, and to wring the necks of its discarded carcasses gets us nowhere.

Subsequent conferences on disarmament, whether called by the League of Nations or by the United States, tackled the younger felines, such as cruisers, submarines, military reserves. So far they have gone for naught. We have had the recent spectacle of two of the most enlightened powers of the western world, our associates in the Great War, getting together to frame an accord in the matter of armed forces. Their secret agreement meant cutting down, perhaps, where it did not much matter to them, but it meant holding fast or expanding where they minded most—France in its land reserves, England a free hand with small cruisers on the sea. So doing, they set by the ear at least three other European powers whose desires ran counter to theirs; they almost upset the apple-cart of Anglo-American relations; and they beat a hasty retreat.

IF the Kellogg Pact—and next steps such as the Capper and Porter resolutions — help lay the ghost of America as the source of supplies to the nation that runs amok and thus open the way for something like the Geneva Protocol, then the practical consequences of this achievement of the Coolidge administration in promoting security in Europe will match its moral consequences in committing nations the world over to a reversal of the hoary doctrines of the legitimacy of war.

We were urged to back our cruiser bill so that the United States might have the edge in bargaining with Great Britain in any further cutting down of naval armaments. We were to add a life to the cat in order to kill it. Within a few hours of its passage, fresh appropriations were put through the British Parliament by a similar group who are pressing for a "bigger and better" naval program to give them the edge. How long will it be before we have the good sense to see that the composition of the big-navy crowd in England and the forces that use it, are as like as two peas to our own? Rather let us think of those English civilians, very much like ourselves, who are trying to curb the navalists and what they stand for and start the spiral of competitive construction down.

For the most part, disarmament must come as a consequence—not as a cause—of peace. There may be trimming around the edges, but the two things which the great powers cling to, in the name of safety and under the promptings of self-interest, the things which they will not have tampered with so long as they fear, is the relative strength of their peace-time establishments and their potential reserves to throw in in case of war. As Ramsay MacDonald recently said—the man who has done more to ease the post-war tensions of the world than any other one man—that secret Anglo-French accord we have heard so much about was not so iniquitous as it was stupid, not more stupid than it was natural—the efforts of short-sighted administrations to work out things in the old way of military and naval defense because the new alternatives had not taken shape fast enough.

On all these heads, therefore, we must discount the doctrine of preparedness for war as an enduring answer to the world's hope for peace. It has failed in the past; it becomes the pawn of subversive interests in the present; it gives youth a false scent for the future. The guesses of its advocates are bad and they have been helpless in the vicious spiral of competitive armament. But we are bound to have the ebullition of navalists and militarists in the world at large, bound to have drives for larger military and naval establishments here at home, bound to have mixed forces, some sober, some sinister, behind them, so long as we do not speed up our fabrication of peace.

That is the challenge which the technicians of war make to the civilians of the world. That is the charge which average men and women of the world may lay on the lawyers, the statesmen, the politicians, and the newer leaders of our modern life on themselves. That is why the recent signing of pacts and the setting up of civil procedures—not as substitutes for the League of Nations but as a parallel and complementary development—take on such arresting importance.

That is why it behooves us to look to our looms, and at the very outset we are confronted with the staggering disparity between what we spend on fabricating pacific relations and what we spend on our army and navy. The Foreign Policy Association has just sent President-elect Hoover a report prepared by its Washington representative, William T. Stone, which shows that our State Department is suffering both from a lack of adequate appropriations and from inefficient organization and administration. Divided among a dozen different offices, divisions, boards and bureaus, it has not undertaken a thorough survey of its own needs in years. Low salaries hamper the appointment of experts needed in the important political, economic and legal divisions; there is a heavy turnover of employes at headquarters; foreign-service officers needed in the field are called in to fill up the gaps—often at higher salary ratings than their chiefs. Meanwhile consulates are some of them manned by clerks. The two branches operate under separate laws, and there is stark need for a united service of foreign relations.

THE total annual appropriation in our State Department is something less than the price of one cruiser ($17,000,000) and the department turns back into the national treasury most of its cost in fees earned. Undermanned, underpaid, under-organized though it is, the department has to its credit this past twelve months the Pact of Paris and the Pan-American arbitration treaties. Better had we held off on the cruisers altogether, and given the State Department the price of two cruisers instead of one with the charge to double its past year's record in laying down frameworks for international accord. Why not build ahead for a few years on a construction program in the peace yards of our foreign relations and see what comes of it?

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Whatever its shortcomings, I hail the Kellogg Pact as a declaration that puts us abreast of the hope of the world. When we failed to join in the attempt to establish peace through a League of Nations, we protested that it was really to keep us out of entangling alliances that would involve us in European wars. Our protestations were discounted by our wealth, our claims in war debts, our expanding foreign trade, our high-handed attitude toward Mexico, our military interference in Central America. We might be wanting to keep a free hand to try American brands of aggression. In renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, the United States Senate has repudiated the threat latent in our isolation. We make clear that it is not through any lack of desire for establishing peace as the mode of civilization that we are still out of the league.

The Covenant of the league stays the hands of members of the league in resorting to war—but we are outside of it. Moreover, there is a gap which permissible wars may slip through. We are inside the Pact of Paris and the great states of the world will be there with us, and that gap is not in its texture. There are other gaps, to be sure—how wide a hole are the interpretations as to self-defense remains to be seen. But at least the maze through which new wars will have to work their way will be made more intricate and the passages may act like the water-cooler of an automobile.

THE International Joint Commission set up by the United States and Canada is also an American invention that is suggestive to all mankind. It's high time we told not only the world about it—but ourselves. It is a scheme essentially of the future and one through which, under an engineering president, we may hope to complement the "blazing ubiquities" of the Kellogg Pact with practical arrangements by which modern peoples may live next each other in peace and work together as neighbors.

It has been charged that the Kellogg-Briand Pact is vague in its prohibitions, and that the interpretations put upon it are precise in permitting the especial wars which the signatories want to reserve for future use. If that is the case, it does not change for the worse the present situation on that score, and it is certainly healthier to have these things out in the open where they can be looked at and dealt with. And we have the judgment of our keenest student of the history of war, Professor James T. Shotwell, who had a hand in the initiation of this pact but not in its formulation, that it opens the way for constructive developments, hitherto closed, of transcendent importance. In scanning these developments, at this point, I shall lean on the searching analyses of his opportune book, War as an Instrument of National Policy and Its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris.

FOR one thing, consider the failure of the Geneva Protocol, drawn up at the 1924 Assembly of the league. This protocol grew out of suggestions made by a group of Americans—such soldiers as Bliss, such international lawyers as Chamberlain, such historians as Shotwell. It envisaged the greatest advance in laying down a warp and woof for peace since the inauguration of the league itself. Its failure was due to Great Britain's unwillingness to adhere. That, in turn, was due, in part at least, to her unwillingness to undertake the naval policing of any state which might break the pact and resort to war. That, in turn, was due to British trepidation lest this bring her into conflict with the United States, should we exercise our rights as a neutral outside the league to export war materials to the belligerent.

Here we put our finger on the point where those vague forebodings as to American intentions sharpened into an edged question. Of what use for the nations of Europe to frame solemn agreements to resort to peaceful solutions of their conflicting interests if the nation that broke the peace, broke its word and resorted to force, could look to aid and comfort from the United States? Efforts by embargo or otherwise, constraining such an outlaw nation to turn to civil machinery for settlement would be hamstrung if the United States insisted that our bankers be allowed to loan, our munition makers to ship, to the aggressor. We would be the strong-box and the munition heap for the world's worst wars.

In the preamble to the Kellogg Pact, the statement is subscribed to "that any signatory which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war, should be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty." This does not go so far as would the Burton resolution introduced some time back, which called for a purely American pronouncement that it is our established policy not to supply with arms a nation which goes to war in violation of its specific pledges. Nor does it commit us to join in bringing the malcontent into line. But it would release us from the obligations of neutrality, and afford us liberty of action to save ourselves from involvement with the aggressor and to refuse aid to the nation which thus sought to promote its national interests by resort to war. On February 11, in line with this strand of the Pact of Paris, Senator Capper introduced a resolution not only providing against the shipment of arms and supplies to the signatory nation which resorts to war but also denying support to our nationals should they break this economic embargo. Shortly after Congressman Porter introduced a resolution which would extend to the world the existing presidential power to declare such embargos in Latin America.

If the Kellogg Pact thus helps lay the ghost of America as the source of supplies to the nation that runs amok and opens the way for something like the Geneva Protocol, then the practical consequences of this achievement of the Coolidge administration in promoting security in Europe will match its moral consequences in committing nations the world over to a reversal of the hoary doctrines of the legitimacy of war.

For not only did the preamble to the Geneva Protocol declare that "war of aggression" is "an international crime," but its subsequent provisions went beyond the Pact of Paris in providing in detail for the pacific settlement of nearly every kind of international dispute. The states accepting the protocol would have agreed in "no case to resort to war," except to resist aggression or to apply sanctions against a state illegally going to war. And it gave the Council of the league the right to determine for the parties when sanctions should be applied. The hope was implicit in it that once the procedure of pacific (*Continued on page* 749)

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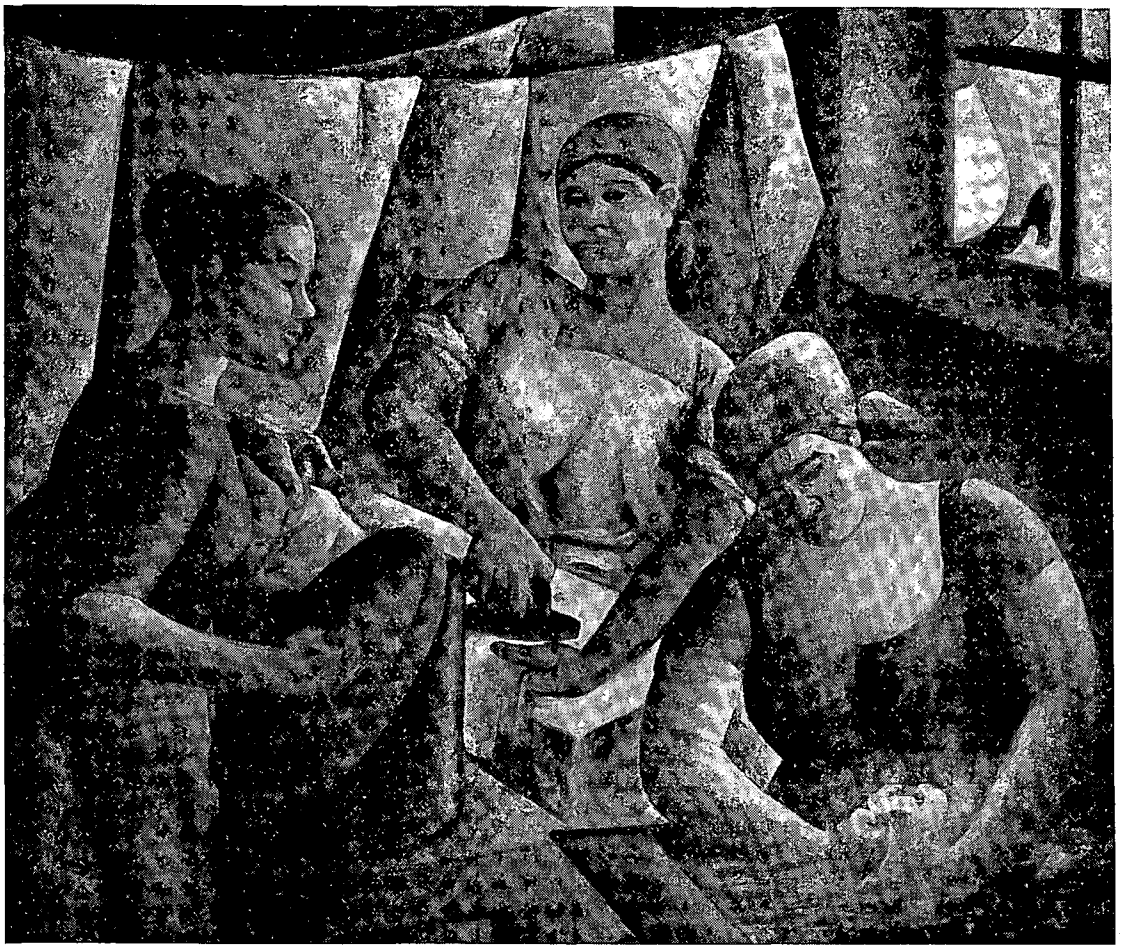

Washwomen, by Elena Bebutova

Fresh Forces in Russian Art

FOR the first time a collection of Russian paintings, sculpture and examples of the graphic arts, made within the lifetime of the Soviet Republic, is being shown in this country. Sent out by the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, it appears currently at the Grand Central Palace in New York City in connection with a display of handicraft sponsored by the Amtorg Trading Corporation. The handicraft continues in a tradition long established. The individual paintings indicate, as the few examples reproduced on this and the following two pages will show, a state of health and freedom. Their creators are following their own bent in choice of subject, in experimentation with styles of painting. It is a people's art, though not in terms of proletarian themes nor of realistic presentation. It is concerned with few abstractions and stunts, but with subjects within the general experience—the rhythm of work and play, landscapes, city scenes. Behind all this is the rise of associations of artists who have tried to adapt art to the new circumstances, some with a search for fresh forms, fresh subjects, a monumental style, some through the more popular technique of poster, advertising, movie, book and magazine illustration. The exhibition shows stir, virility and opportunity to experiment.

Stenka Razin, of legendary fame, by Vera Sandomirskaya

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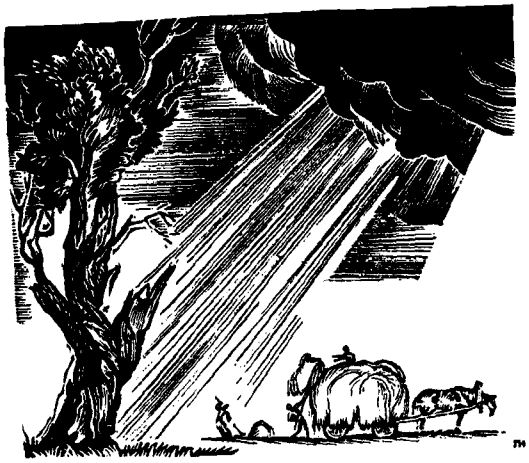

THE GIANT'S STRIDE

by

Ekaterina Zernova

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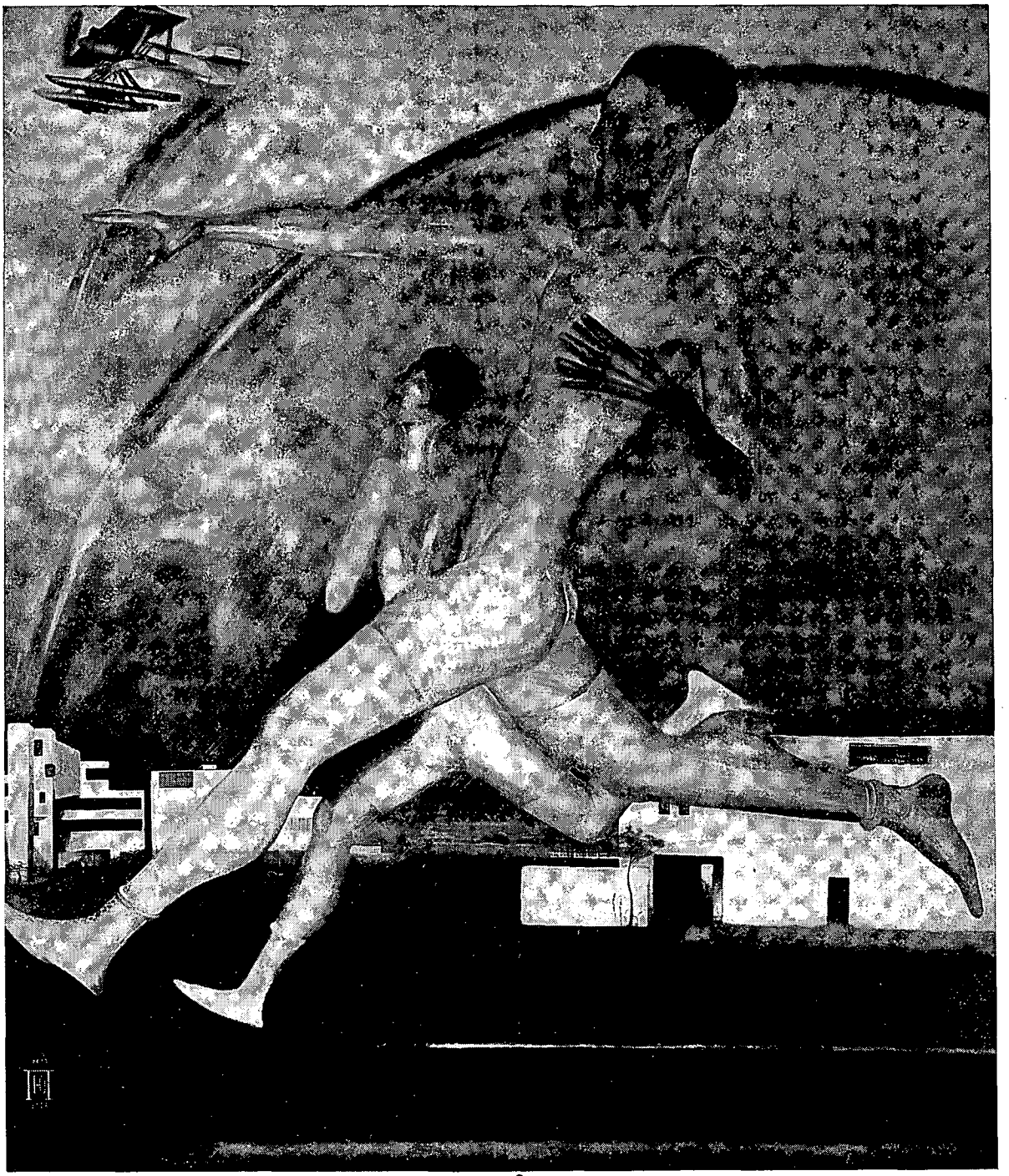

THE RACE

by

U. Pimenov

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Toiling patiently in cells containing anywhere from five to fifteen men, hostile and derisive

The World of Forgotten Men

By REBECCA N. PORTER

Drawings by Lynd Ward

THERE is a great deal written these days both for and against the correspondence method of instruction. Even our fiction writers occasionally attack the theme and amuse the commuter by depicting a shoe clerk who longs to be a detective and after taking a "course" is sent by mistake a diploma that entitles him to practice the profession of architecture. The chief argument leveled at correspondence instruction is that it "lacks the Personal Touch." There is a delicious incongruity in this argument, coming as it does from a nation that complacently buys from a stationer its messages of condolence and congratulation. Beside the printed card that tells you in jingle form that your friend is sorry you have lost your wife or glad that you have acquired a new baby, the correspondence course, as conducted by highly trained and sympathetic university instructors, seems the very essence of intimate helpfulness. This article is not, however, a justification of this mode of teaching. It presents merely a "close-up" of a correspondence system in action, not so much as a vocational-guidance agency, as an agency for the regeneration of men. This is what the University of California, through its extension department, is trying to accomplish in its work among the prisoners at the California State Penitentiary. And one day I went over to check up on just how much of the Personal Touch may penetrate the grim walls of San Quentin via the typewritten page.

There is always possibility of adventure in meeting persons whom we have known only by correspondence. The interest is increased a hundredfold when that correspondence has concerned that most self-revealing of all arts—story and verse writing. There were several vital questions in my mind as I waited in the bleak reception room of the prison for the students whose names I had written on the call slip, at the office. Some of these questions may be in the hands of others who are interested in the conjunction of two of our great modern enterprises—adult education and the rehabilitation of criminals. I do not pretend to have worked out conclusive answers to these questions. It would be an intrepid person, indeed, who would attempt to present conclusive answers to any subject so complex as the regeneration of human beings. I merely report here upon certain aspects of university work among convicts that impressed me, as a writer and as a helper of writers.

One of the questions which I debated in my own mind was "Why do these men want to take our courses—any of our courses?" My interest in this query was not confined to any one branch of the correspondence work. It concerned

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the varied menu which the university presents for the selection of students; a menu which includes mathematics, grammar, languages and other branches of learning. Why do these men sign up for any of them? Is their interest purely one of economic rehabilitation? Do they take them with the hope that when they get out, they will find better jobs than they could otherwise hope for? Or do they take them merely to relieve the desperate monotony of their days?

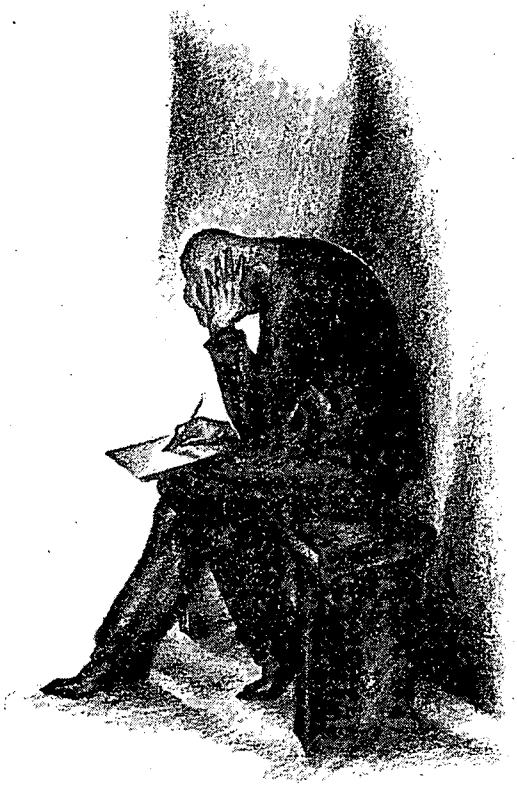
When three of our typical students were lined up across the table from me, I asked them the answer to this question. The two who were taking writing courses responded with two entirely different motives. Said one, "I always wanted to write and now, after work is done here, I find for the first time in my life the *time* to do it."

IT took me a full moment to recover from the shock of this; the shock of discovering in a world of alibi, somebody who admitted that he had time to write. "It's hard, of course," he went on, "because there are so many other people in my cell and they give you no peace if you're tryin' to do anything like *that*. I know the last lesson I sent in wasn't up to the mark, but when you have fifteen other men rubbin' elbows with you. . . ." His problem was not one of time but of space. He went on: "I hope to make a living out of writing when I get out. I've had an interesting life and if I once get the hang of how to tell about it, I think it will go over strong."

The other literateur had no such rosy view of the future. "I want," he said grimly, "to show this place up. I want the public to *know* what it does to the men inside. But," with a despairing gesture, "I don't suppose it would be believed. No matter how well I learn to write, they won't believe me. They'll all say, 'He's been *in* and he's prison-simple.'"

"I want to show this place up"

The reply to my question of a man who was finishing a course in grammar, touched an entirely different note. "I hesitated between two different courses," he said. He was a man in the middle twenties, serving a five-year term for burglary. "One was mathematics and the other was grammar. I didn't know anything about either of 'em and they both sounded dry. But I signed up finally for grammar. As I look back on it, I can see three steps marked out along my way. I took it first just to . . . to find a way out . . . from the life here. Then, as the lessons went on, I came to be interested in the subject itself. I began asking the different men I worked with: 'Do you know what a noun is?' 'Do you know what a verb is?' Hardly any of them did. And hardly any of them wanted to. Then, I came to the third step. As I got to know more and more, I felt I knew less and less. 'All this has been going on all this time,' I said to myself, 'and I never knew anything about it before.' Now as soon as I finish grammar, I'm going to sign up for something else. I want to know all there *is*."



"I've had such a full life"

Nobody knows—who has never taught—the thrill of finding occasionally a real student. It's an indescribable feeling. What that man does with his education when he gets out, seems immaterial to me. For education has already done something to him.

OTHERS to whom I talked gave varying testimony. One man is taking bookkeeping with the definite idea of getting a bookkeeper's job when he gets out. "I come up for parole in six months," he explained. And then, following a moment of embarrassed silence, "I wonder. . . . You see, some of you university people know me now. . . . So I was wondering . . . if it would be at all possible for you to call up my former employer and ask him to take me back?"

It wasn't possible, I explained, for the university cannot take the initiative in such matters. But if his employer called us for a reference, we'd be glad to give it.

Another student, with quite a different problem was a young Chinese, whose entire knowledge of America was confined to the area of San Quentin. He had been charged with a crime at sea, taken off a boat when he arrived and conveyed, with a dispatch that would have shocked any of

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our native criminals, to the penitentiary. In every spare moment he was studying English. He apologized for his oral use of it in language that would have awed the average undergraduate on the campus. It was easy to get at his motive for taking correspondence work. He felt an inordinate curiosity about the country to which he had traveled at great sacrifice, in which he had lived for two years, and on which he had never looked. The only medium through which he could hope to see that country for several years to come, was the medium of a foreign language. He didn't want to answer questions; he wanted to ask them. His greatest stumbling block to progress was, he explained, the presence of slang. "You have so many combinations of words," he said, "that seem to mean several different things at the same time." The fact that he is a foreigner would serve to make him lonely in such a place. But the fact that he is on a perpetual quest for knowledge would make him lonely anywhere. Nobody but a bill collector is so unpopular as a man who constantly wants to *know*. To him the university offers the sole opportunity for human intercourse.

But there were other questions besides the one concerning motive, that I had come to ask. One of them touched upon the subject of classes taught in the penitentiary by the convicts themselves. There are in every such institution men who are both competent and willing to teach subjects in which they are proficient. Yet, though such classes have been repeatedly tried, they almost inevitably end in failure. The reason was clearly stated by one of our students who had tried to conduct classes for foreigners in the English language.

"It was no go," he said. "They wanted to learn English all right, but they didn't want to learn it or anything else from a man who was *in*. Nobody who is *in* can teach them anything."

Back of this there is a sound pedagogical fact. It brings home a great truth, often forgotten by those who would be educators; that the success of any teacher depends first upon his or her ability to win the respect of the student. A teacher stripped of that, though he speak with the tongue of men and of angels, will have no pupils.

ANOTHER reason, too, for the failure of intramural classes in prison is, of course, that they fail to provide that element which makes the sole appeal to some students—contact with the outside world. Nobody can have any idea—who has never done any work in the World of Forgotten Men—what such contact means to those inside. The letters that they send in with their lessons are full of eager bids for personal interest. Because the university mail is less heavily censored than other mail, little personal appeals to the instructors do slip in. And San Quentin, unlike some other penal institutions, allows the inmates to retain their names. You think this is a meager privilege? "What's in a name?" Try to do without one for a time, if you would find out. What's in a number? It would be a remarkable teacher, indeed, who could maintain, week after week and month after month, a vital human interest in the work of No. 32,684. But as soon as you know that this man is really Ben Jones, he becomes a person like yourself.

He becomes even more a person when he is allowed to sign that name to articles and stories and poems which have passed under your corrective pen and then appear in the prison magazine. Some real genius illumines the pages of that grim, sad and penetrating journal. But it would be genius with cruelly clipped wings if its product were tagged with the numerals of disgrace.

But the writers of San Quentin are laboring, at present, under another clipping process, which is to them a grievous mishap. The order has gone out from headquarters that no more work may be submitted by convicts to outside publications. Another of my questions concerned the reason for this. Always convicts have been allowed to publish their publishable work. If it has not been merely indictments against society, it has often been very good work, and cordially received by the public. It could do the men themselves no harm. But in this I was told I was mistaken. To set me right, a prison official said: "You have no idea of the jealousy between the men here. That fellow whose stories got into B— Magazine, for instance. Well, it was almost as much as his life was worth when the men found out about it. They will not stand to have one of them raised above the others. We like them to take the courses; encourage them to take them. But they'll have to wait till they get out, to publish. Otherwise we'll have a lot of prima donnas in here cultivating temperament."

IT would seem a difficult place to cultivate temperament, yet we know that all things are possible to some of the people some of the time. One even catches occasionally the irridescent gleam of humor in that bleak reception room. I had been charged, on my visit, with a message of regret from one of our instructors who was very popular with the students. "Mr. G. is very sorry that he couldn't come over today," I said to a master burglar, whose professional technique had been the envy of the underworld. "But he's very busy this week. He's taking his Ph.D."

"His *what?*" inquired the student.

"His doctor's degree."

The man's eyes held a mixture of incredulity and contempt. "Gosh!" he muttered. "with all the things there are to *take* in this world. . . ."

For the answer to my other question, I sought the women's quarters, a newly finished building which is probably the finest women's prison in the country. Finest from the point of view of location, overlooking as it does the beautiful San Francisco bay, finest certainly in its equipment, resembling as it does a well-run hotel, and finest, from the point of view of the inmates for the amount of leisure which it affords. Leisure is, in fact, its most serious problem. The women are required to do one hour's work per day. What do they do with the rest of their time? Some of them were doing fancy work, which may be sold on the outside; one or two were reading library books; the rest were gossiping and giving each other shampoos. Yet with all this time on their hands, they do not avail themselves of the university courses. Why not, I wondered.

To this question, I received many different replies. Said the matron, "They're lazy." Said a few of the inmates to whom I talked, "Why, I just never thought about it." Said a famous criminologist, "Most women who get into a penitentiary are sex perverts. And sex perverts are not usually interested in the things of the mind."

For my part, I think some of the reason may lie in the fact that, while the men take courses with a view to solving the economic problem when they get out, the women expect to have that problem solved for them by men. And this removes one of the chief necessities for mental effort. I think, too, that adequately (*Continued on page* 752)

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Awakening in the East

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE so-called white races junked whatever they might be said to have had in the way of moral supremacy when in 1914 they flew at each other's throats and devoted their utmost resources to wholesale mutual slaughter and the destruction of the best products of civilization. It was a great show, and a great object-lesson, for the "inferior" peoples looking on; the inferences were not lost upon them.

"These white folks do not understand anything but force," the onlookers said. "It is their last argument. We must be governed accordingly."

You can see with half an eye the results of that observing all over the East; most vividly just now in India and China. In both of those lands, though in different ways and with somewhat differing prognosis, things are going on deserving thoughtful consideration on the part of those who all these past years have been exploiting those vast peoples.

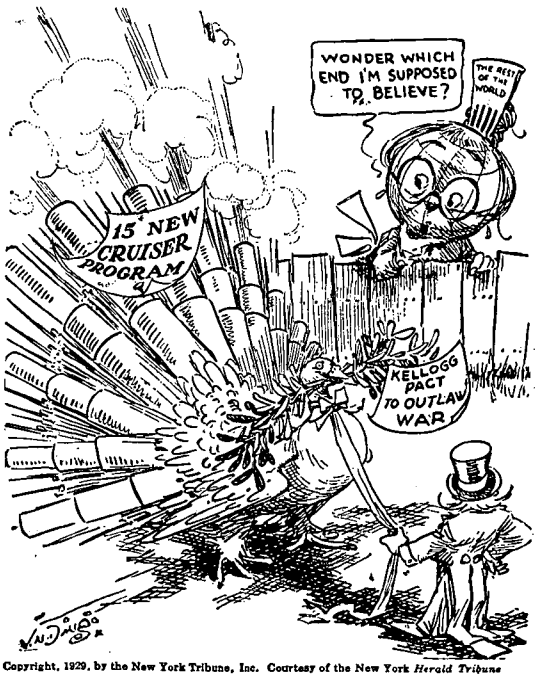
Vast indeed. More than one-half of the world's total population is in Asia. Statisticians of the League of Nations have computed the world-total at just short of two billions—1,932,000,000, to be precise. Of this total, about 1,026,000,000 are in Asia; 146,000,000 in Africa. An immense body of humanity, hitherto dammed back from world-activity by the white man's comparative unity and his technical superiority in the means of force. Also by the superstition that the white races were somehow inherently superior, in some cosmic sense entitled to rule the rest.

THIS was all very well as long as it worked. Moral superiority is a self-attesting question of fact. It does not depend upon one's personal estimate of himself, still less upon his say-so. In the moral domain quite as much as in the physical, operates the law of specific gravity. The morally superior goes automatically to his level, regardless of what may be painted on the outside of him. You can't make a hunk of coal float in water by asserting that it is a cork.

And in the field of force, the logic is equally inevitable. If you believe that it is cosmically lawful to govern and exploit by force, you must not complain when the other fellow becomes stronger than you, acquiring the rights of the strong. If the argument is valid, it will work both going and coming. By our own behavior through the centuries we have given our approval to the use of force in our relations with what we have been pleased to call the "backward peoples." They have observed the material success which has attended this process, and the consequences upon themselves of their own weakness.

This is the whole obvious lesson to be read in what has been happening all over the world; in the intense nationalism almost universal since the close of the War; especially in the ominous awakenings in China and India. Almost everywhere the peoples have been the victims in one way and another of the force-process, and are now disposed to take hold of it by the handle and use it for their own benefit.

FIRST, unity—growth of cohesion within against pressure from without. Revolt in any land against aggression from outside will depend, as to success and other things being equal, upon the measure of group self-consciousness. Upon unity of spirit and unity of purpose. Then upon the existence and development of means in pursuit of that purpose. You can see this two-fold process at work in all directions. Turkey, with hardly more than a gesture of defiance, blew away the last vestiges of European domination. Great Britain had to relax her hold upon Egypt not because she wanted to but because she could not help herself. Precarious at this moment is her remaining grip upon that land.



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And now, India. The next two years—perhaps the next one year—will be of momentous importance in the relations between Great Britain and that immense empire which she has ruled for nearly two centuries. Scant and superficial as is the news that comes out of India, far behind-hand as we are in understanding of what has been happening there, we have been slow in recognizing that a great readjustment may be at hand in India. The outcome is impossible to foretell.

Outstanding is the return of

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Mahatma Gandhi to political activity. He is in frail health, but his determined spirit and immovable convictions may serve to hold back a cataclysm. Those, and absence of real unity among the Indian people.

It comes down to this: the Indian National Congress last December, by a vote of something like 1,400 to 900, largely at the instance of Mr. Gandhi, postponed until next January its intended movement to enforce virtual independence of India from British rule. Mr. Gandhi did his best to gain another year—until 1930. There was a strong faction demanding immediate action; no delay at all. The interval, according to the intention of the congress, must be used by Great Britain in working out radical concessions to the nationalist spirit in India. They will have to be pretty radical to stem the tide.

Mr. Gandhi's pledge to throw his influence and activity into the situation at the end of the prescribed period has reference only to non-forcible measures—his old familiar method of "non-cooperation." He will have nothing to do with physical violence. But the radical youth of India, non-resistant in theory as all Hindus are, have come to the conclusion that the white rulers of India understand and will yield only to force. Here at the outset is an internal dissonance in unity and purpose, which may enable Great Britain to compose the situation, for the time being at least, with relatively moderate concessions.

UNDERLYING this lack of unity is the deeper one, of fundamental sectarian discord between the Hindus and the Mohammedans in India. Zavel Zimand, in his admirable Living India[1] (which every one who wants to understand today's conditions must read) puts it in a nutshell:

> The same effect that the killing of a cow [the most sacred living thing in India] by the Moslem has on the Hindu, the playing of music near a mosque has on the Mohammedan. Hindus love to beat tom-toms and blow trumpets upon all occasions. Not a single Hindu religious ceremony, some of which call for street processions, can be performed without the accompaniment of music. Occasionally they continue for a whole week, day and night.
>
> But the conspicuous element in Moslem worship is solemnity. He demands silence during his devotion. To him it is a sacrilege if the peace is disturbed near his house of prayer, and when Hindus refuse to stop their music in front of a mosque, trouble is apt to begin.
>
> A Hindu marriage procession may meet with a Moslem mourning cortege; or the Mohammedans may drive their cattle to slaughter through the Hindu quarter; or a Mohammedan fundamentalist may throw beef during the night into a Hindu temple or break an idol. . . .

Furthermore, there is the economic aspect, thus described by a broad-minded Mohammedan: "I cannot help pointing out that by far the most numerous owners of cows are the Hindus, and that if they did not sell cows after they have ceased to give milk, there would be much less cow-killing than there is today."

And the desperately poverty-stricken Hindus cannot afford to make the sacrifice. They need the money, and the useless animals eat up the fodder!

From such a racial and religious tangle as this, the British in part derive their opportunity to hold on. It is quite likely that when the momentous first of January arrives next year, there will be no semblance of real unity in the separatist movement. Even the Mohammedans are divided among themselves. It is very complicated.

On top of that, reaching deep into the interwoven roots of India, is the discord over the nationalist program—fivefold; you can remember the factors by counting on your fingers—to deal with these fundamental things:

1. To restore hand-weaving in competition with the machine-made products.
2. To accomplish prohibition of both alcohol and opium.
3. To free women and place them on an equality with men.
4. To abolish "untouchability," the social caste curse upon the pariah.
5. To accomplish the unity of the people of India.

Every one of these things involves immense difficulty, going counter to deep-seated popular prejudice; rooted in history, superstition, priestcraft and long-vested "rights" of great classes of the people.

Mr. Gandhi would bring them about by sheer moral force, by a great popular strike of civil disobedience. A large proportion of his followers are weary of what seems to them ineffectual moral suasion. They want to fight.

Make what you will of it; prophesy would be reckless. Enough to say that India is a slumbering volcano, ominously rumbling.

AND there is China. Once before, I have quoted what a missionary in China told me, fully thirty years ago:

> Keep your eye on China. Some day she will take leaves out of the western book. Some day she will weary of being the world's door-mat. The Chinese people have an enormous capacity for learning. They will discover that the West has gained its ends by force. Then, look out! An awakened China may put all the rest of us to bed.

Already China seems to have unified herself. One sees no indication of the kind of social and religious discord which has kept and probably will continue to keep India under foreign rule. Almost overnight China is getting rid of the "unequal treaties" forced upon her by the West, and taking her stand, free and potentially as mighty as any, among the nations of the world. The subject-matter of those treaties, listed a few weeks ago by Dr. Wang, minister of foreign affairs in the Nationalist government, embodies the whole history of China's servitude from the beginning:

1. Control over customs, which in the last analysis means collection of foreign debts by force.
2. Extra-territorial rights—the privilege of foreigners to be tried in non-Chinese courts.
3. Control over inland and coastal navigation.
4. Leased territories, settlements and concessions.
5. Occupation of Chinese territory by foreign troops.

Immense practical difficulties are involved in the readjustment. Russia is learning by hard experience that the repudiation of debts by a nation, regardless of the origin and nature of those debts, unfavorably affects national credit in the world's loan-markets. China will have to learn the same. However unjust the terms and conditions of old "dead-horse" claims, their repudiation by a subsequent regime tends to scare off new lenders. This is one of the penalties of political revolution. There is still far to go.

THE world is entering upon a new phase. Barring the remote possibility of the ruin of all civilization in a new war, against which the intelligence of the whole world is working slowly and clumsily yet on the whole definitely; we seem to be moving toward a world society in which moral and intellectual values will have at last a chance. The day of seeking commerce with a gun is drawing to a close. Mankind is beginning to see that satisfied customers are after all the best market.

[1] Longmans, Green & Co., $3.00 postpaid, of Survey Graphic.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

The Age of Print

A HISTORY OF PRINTING, *by John Clyde Oswald. Appleton.* 404 *pp. Price* $7.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
READINGS IN PUBLIC OPINION, *edited by W. Brooke Graves. Appleton.* 1281 *pp. Price* $6.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
PROPAGANDA, *by Edward L. Bernays. Horace Liveright.* 159 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
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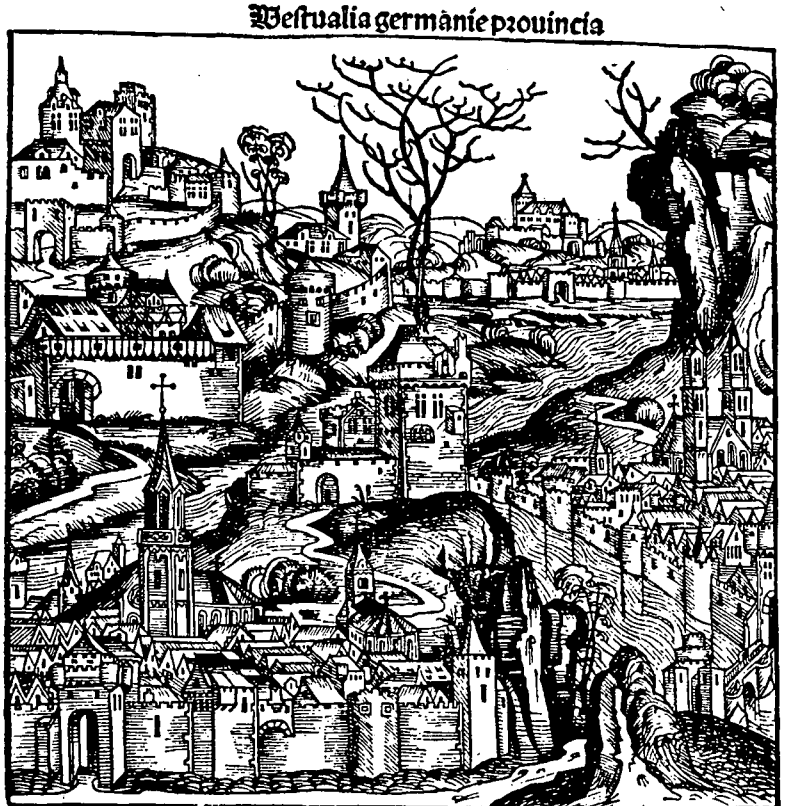
WHY NEWS IS NEWS, *by Charles R. Corbin. Ronald Press.* 191 *pp. Price* $2.75 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

EVERYBODY has one alma mater—the printing-press. Its curriculum, therefore, is of deep import: here is mind in the making. Who is making it, and how? These chronicles of the age of print throw light on that grave question.

We have come to regard the printing-press as a tool, and overlook that it is a miracle; our attitude is utilitarian, not reverent; we enslave it to news, commerce, and play, forgetting that it was born for religion and art. That is why print-users should read John Clyde Oswald's scholarly and beautiful book on the art of printing for five hundred years. They will learn pride in their guild, and that those who multiply pages for their fellows must honor the tradition *noblesse oblige*. The cloudy birth of the art, the noble procession of scholars and printers who loved and perfected its techniques, the swift spread of printing from the Lowlands to Italy, England, Spain, the Americas, the contributions of our modern devotees to graceful type and fine pages—all are told with simple clarity. The book is worthy of its ancestors in dignity and beauty, and is enriched with 140 illustrations, some illuminated in red and gold, that give the thrill of the collector for an humble price.

There is peace in this history, a sense of aloofness and slow-maturing purposes in medieval cloisters where lives distilled into books in ways unlike our fecund hurly-burly over night. I wonder whether, when books were rare and printing slow and devotional, men did not feel a weightier responsibility than we do for choosing their words with care and honesty to express what vision of truth or beauty they had. Printers, after all, are servants of an altar.



Part of a page from the famous Nuremberg Chronicle printed in 1493, reproduced in A History of Printing by John Clyde Oswald. D. Appleton & Company. $7.50

Appleton is doing yeoman service in giving us sound books on printing and public opinion. They deserve thanks for this encyclopedia on public opinion, compiled by Professor Graves of Temple University from 200 articles by contemporary experts, plus valuable study questions and reading-lists. Bluntly, this is a cheap library of the best thought in the field, gathered with vast research, alertness, and a catholic mind. Little of importance is lacking, and much that is unexpected and fascinating is given. It ranges from the formation of personal opinion to the techniques of molding the international mind—if one can be discovered. Print is only one media: chapters are devoted to the radio, theater, pulpit, the motion-picture, oratory, music, and art. Private propaganda forces, the public-relations counsel, the chamber of commerce and trade association, and civic groups, are analyzed; and scrutiny made of the influence on the public mind by party, leaders, the lobby, law-makers, courts, and censors. This seems to me an indispensable source-book whether you need advice on a current problem, or the stimulus of sharp thinking, or use its ground-plan as an outline for study of the entire field. It is a chart of social controls.

EDWARD BERNAYS, professor of the profession of public relations, believes that somebody "who understands the mental processes and social patterns of the masses" should manipulate these controls so that people can know what to believe or buy. Society is too complex and folks too dumb to find out for themselves. The counsel steps in to help—at a price. He rides herd in a world of "high-spotting," fashion-making, window-dressing, blind instincts, and artificial habits,

(*Continued on page* 747)

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A PERFECTLY good American lad, eighteen years old, stood in the doorway of a hotel in Cologne, bored to death. The streets before him surged with vast crowds in attendance upon the immense gathering in connection with the Turnfest—the first great all-German one since the War. Across the street a venturesome athlete was clambering up one of the steeples of the cathedral, to instal on the pinnacle a flag signalizing the Olympics at Amsterdam and then come down and be arrested. On the other side of the river the Pressa exposition of world-journalism was in full swing. Within a short distance by rail or motor were the famous Krupp and other steel works, the chemical works of Leverkusen, the great Ruhr mining districts. On all sides reeked fascinating history, ancient and modern.

To all of this the lad was quite oblivious. He was "traveling," with his father and mother—who by the way, were still in their room. He was waiting to breakfast with them—at noon. He vaguely knew where they had been; he recalled the names of towns, cathedrals, golfing places where his father had played—with other people, not with this boy. He had no notion at all, and cared little, about where they would go next. He had heard his father say that they were going to the Dolomites, but he did not know where or what Dolomites might be. And the "Hill Towns" of Italy, also on the program, meant as little.

NOW the writer of these lines happened to have with him a set of the booklets of the German Railroads. He took pity on the lad, brought them to him, and left him poring over them, reading about the places where they had been, and might still go; up the Rhine, through Baden and Bavaria. There were others, too, about Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

"I don't believe Dad has seen these. They are very interesting. I saw that monument at Leipzig; but I didn't get much idea of what it was all about. I studied German in school and college, but I couldn't understand our guide. Dad and Mother didn't either, but they didn't let on."

Dull, blind, rich people, "traveling through Europe!"

THOUSANDS of Americans go to Europe every summer, and winter too; scoot about hither and yon, to and fro and across. School-teachers spend their hoarded dollars attending conferences, covering lots of mileage. Their spendings constitute an astonishing total in the "invisible exports" of Europe which do not and cannot get into the statistics of Europe's economic recovery, or in the import figures of the United States.

"What do you mean—imports?" you ask. "Aren't we *exporting* money to those countries when we travel abroad?"

Of course! But aren't we importing information, refreshment, intelligence, world-understanding? That lad and his parents were leaving money right and left in Europe. And getting very little for it in return. It couldn't help enriching them to some extent, but in a very real sense they might about as well have stayed in Kankakee or Baton Rouge, Utica or Denver.

You get out of any place only the fertilization of what you take there. Intelligent travel calls for preparation, eagerness of anticipation. Without those you may plaster your luggage with labels and fill your memories with names of renowned buildings . . . and be richer by very little.

ENGLISH, French, Swiss, German, Scandinavian, Italian railroads and resorts, and those of other countries as well, have issued printed information, wonderfully illustrated, to be had for the asking, and all of it is available in New York or other large cities and most of the smaller ones. You have to put your mind on this business of getting the most

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out of a trip. All the more if your expenditure represents a lot of savings and self-denial.

Drop in at any travel bureau and look over the printed matter. Steel yourself against premature temptation and the allurements of the salesman who will talk with the tongue of men and of angels to sell you tickets. Look over the travel advertising in Survey Graphic and other periodicals. Write for circulars and study them with maps. Even if you don't actually go anywhere it's interesting occupation for an evening to see where you *might* go, and what you would enjoy if you did. And, who knows? Something might turn up—you might turn it up yourself—to make the dream come true.

It is amazing, what you can do in the way of travel with a very small expenditure. There is hardly a town in Europe where you couldn't find a comfortable place to stay for a few days or longer at unbelievably small cost—once you are over there. The biggest item is the steamship travel, and you'll be surprised to see how small that can be made if you will really dig a bit for the facts. Any travel office will help you; that's what they are for.

THE Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin-America has as its central purpose "the increase of mutual understanding and appreciation between the people of the United States and the Latin-American republics." The committee announces a three-week seminar for the summer of 1929 in Mexico, open to a group of citizens of the United States, to be selected on the basis of their ability to serve as interpreters of people to people. The group will be made up of educators, editors, writers, students of labor questions, business men, religious leaders, and so on. For further information, write to Herbert C. Herring, executive director, 307 East 17 Street, New York City.

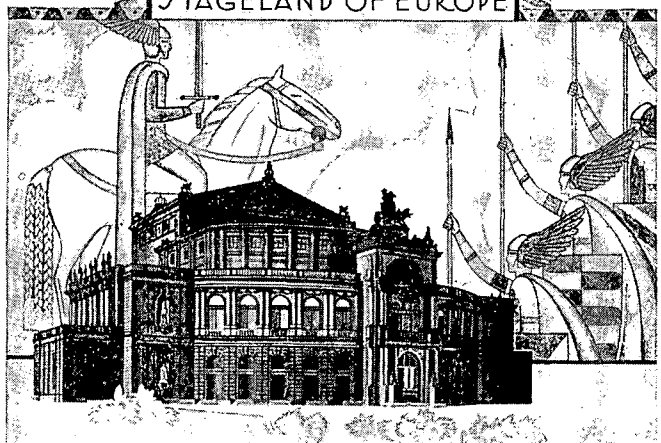
A World Conference on Adult Education will be held August 22-29 in Cambridge, England. This will be, according to the Journal of Adult Education (American), the first world meeting of adult educators ever held. The main sessions will deal with The Principles and Problems of Adult Education, Extensive (or Popular) and Intensive Adult Education, Adult Education and the Industrial Worker, The Relation of Humanistic to Technical Instruction, The Problems of World Cooperation. In addition, group and sectional meetings will be held in a large number of subjects, such as Radio in Adult Education, Women's Problems, Seafarers' Education.

All individual members of the World Association are entitled to attend the conference, and all supporting bodies of the World Association are entitled to send representatives. Membership of the association is open to any person interested in adult education. Particulars of the conference may be had of the World Association for Adult Education, 16 Russell Square, London, W.C. 1. . . . We hope that no one interested in this subject will fail to see the Journal of Adult Education published by the American Association for Adult Education, 41 East 42 Street, New York City, of which the first number is dated February. Similar issues will appear in April and June, at 75 cents a copy.

THE International Federation of University Women will hold their triennial conference at Geneva, August 7-15. . . . Publicity agents inform us that five thousand American teachers will attend the World Federation of Education Associations at Geneva July 25. . . . The 1930 performances of the famous Oberammergau Passion Play will begin on May 15 and continue until September 30. The theater, which has been rebuilt and enlarged, seats five thousand.

The New York office of the German Health Resorts, 46 West 14 Street, informs us that in 1928 more than eighty thousand American visitors spent their summer, or the larger part of it, at German spas. This office furnishes detailed information regarding the German spas and makes reservations. The hotel rates are exceptionally low, running from $86 for a period of three weeks, including everything. In sanitariums, average prices are $120 for twenty-one days. . . . The Balneological Congress of Germany celebrated its fiftieth anniversary this year at Berlin in January. The lectures given at the sessions of the congress will be published and in due season be sent to the office of the German Health Resorts which will distribute them free of charge.

GERMANY
STAGELAND OF EUROPE



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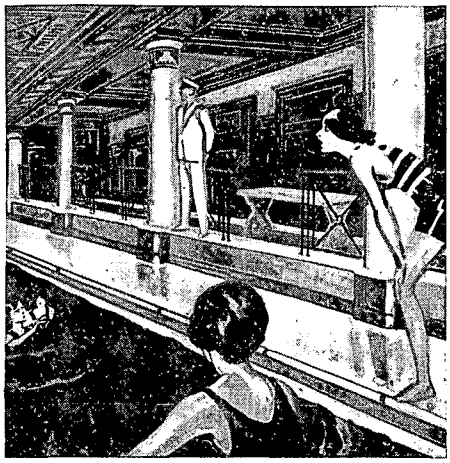

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(*Continued from page* 743) where events are created to make news, and indirection is the watch-word. It is a world of profit-seeking from the docile public; a futile world where vast skill and energy are devoted to restoring the vogue of velvet. The book is worth reading, for the Herr Doktor gives an almost metaphysical exposition of his creed. It blasphemes democracy, unconsciously, yet has good spots, like the chapter on revitalizing political campaigns by vivider techniques of publicity. The whole is a warning to those who would borrow commercial methods for social purposes.

The general idea is to control every approach to the public mind so we get the desired impression, often unconsciously. That doctrine classes even this book as propaganda. Will I be unconsciously convinced that Mr. Bernays is a master of his trade and that certain firms he mentions are masters of theirs?

HALDEMAN-JULIUS started his Little Blue Books in 1919 with a reprint of The Rubaiyat. Today he offers 1,260 titles of which over 100,000,000 copies have been sold. His book is a gay analysis of this giant referendum on our intellectual and emotional tastes. Incidentally he reveals how cheaply books can be made: he can sell a 64-page book (15,000 words) for five cents, and make a profit—provided people buy 10,000 copies a year. And his returns from advertising in various periodicals, from the tabloid Graphic to Harper's, index reading-habits by groups. The Harper audience is deeply interested in psychology and philosophy; the tabloid folks buy 22 per cent of self-educational books.

Here are some conclusions: people want books on sex, self-improvement, free thought, and entertainment. You recall Dr. Cabot's love, work, religion, play? In short, they seek happiness. They are not interested in the high-hat, refined, or esoteric; yet they do not want badly written books or those dealing insincerely or half-heartedly with their subjects. They want the facts, even on prostitution or heresy. Burbank's Why I Am an Infidel is a best seller. William J. Fielding on sex and biology, Joseph McCabe on skepticism and religion, are the two leading authors. The poor classes for sales are poetry, literary criticism, minor biographies, compilations, *belles lettres,* and printed drama—what might be called snob literature of escape. You can boost sales by giving a book a new title, or listing it in a new class, under Passion, for example. So there is a reconstruction hospital for lagging numbers. The top number of all is The Story of a Southern Lynching, by the editor's wife, and second, Dictionary of Geographical Names. Explain that! Or why proverbs do not sell, except Irish or Chinese proverbs. Or what of the theory that our readers by and large are women when 71 per cent of these books are sold to men? You can see that here is a mine of folk-lore in the print age. You can learn about readers from him!

YOU can also learn from what the managing editor of the Toledo Blade, Charles R. Corbin, sets up as criteria of news values. His treatment is not new or profound, but it is realistic and rich in examples from current newspapers. To the old categories of economic news, combat, weather, mystery, children, animals, and success, he adds the interesting ideas—fire-religion, caves-treasure, and science-heavens, thus proving again that news values are elemental and permanent. So they can be learned and used by social workers. Some day we will be able to show the relation of news to the struggle to survive, and the enhancement of one's sense of personal worth.

For the age of print has not revealed all its secrets.

LEON WHIPPLE

The Mirror of Mussolini

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by Benito Mussolini. Foreword by Richard Washburn Child. Scribner's. 318 pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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then thinks, or rationalizes; a man who can alter his total outlook on life without feeling the necessity of providing an intelligent explanation; a man whose career must in the end be interpreted in terms of mystical combinations of ego-destiny-God.

The first chapters on his childhood and youth, and the influence of his parents, are the most interesting and revealing. The prose is fluid and at times exquisitely lyrical. We learn of a deep mother attachment which absorbed a large portion of his emotional life. His father's influence was direct but more tenuous: the elder Mussolini represents the type of socialistic reformer who makes a religion of his political and economic convictions. Benito became a socialist by absorption so we may now discount that sector of his career that made him one of the leading socialist, anti-monarchy, anti-church agitators before the War. What he really wanted was adventure, excitement, power. He makes no gesture at an explanation of his about-face, and furnishes but one clue, the War. And although he makes some claim for reflection here, it should not be forgotten that his fiery war campaign followed his loss of power in the Socialist Party. One foot-note: he was born in the area of Predappio that abounds in springs of iodine waters. Those who are aware of the relation between iodine content, thyroid function, and personality will see here a clue.

Mussolini's journalism reduces to simple terms: his editorship was a part of action, not reflection. To him a newspaper was a personal tool, an essential supplement to platform oratory. In a strict sense the Popolo d'Italia was, and is, nothing more than an organ for propaganda. With characteristic capacity for dramatization, he sees these days in rosy hues of retrospective righteousness. His pen, like the mission of John the Baptist, prepared the way for Italy's deliverance.

From this point we no longer follow autobiography, but the story of Fascism, told, of course, as if this phenomenon were one of the functions of Mussolini's personality. Nothing is documented. This, obviously, is a grave defect in a book that might have enjoyed unusual historical prestige. But even in his own words, Mussolini's rise to power loses many of its miraculous attributes. The march on Rome was sheer *opera bouffe*. The Black Shirts were mobilized in the environs; they had already done considerable intimidating, and were in the mood for a show of force. No force was needed. The King had asked Mussolini to become premier, having failed to secure his cooperation in a coalition. Mussolini had received assurances (the source he refuses to divulge) that the army would remain neutral. So with the stage set, he donned his black shirt and at the head of his Fascisti marched into Rome. Thus we begin to learn that Sturzo and Salvemini were correct about this so-called revolution.

BUT the real revolution came quick enough. The coalition ministry became a fiction; those who did not bow to Il Duce were eliminated; he became the cabinet. Then his executive decrees changed Italy into a dictatorship. Backed by the Fascist army, he summed in himself all authority and power. Always there is a crisis, always a hero is demanded, and always there stands Mussolini ready for action. Curiously enough this gross egotism of the man does not appear revolting in his autobiography: one comes to have a feeling that the entire setting is unreal, that Mussolini is a sort of Don Quixote telling a fanciful tale with increasing fervor because he wants so much to believe it.

But Mussolini cannot be academically dismissed as another of the world's examples of deluded grandeur. His rise to power in the land of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour, among a people whose struggles for freedom are almost epic, is symptomatic of a deep-seated disease that has slowly crept over those representative institutions that have dominated the political thought of the western world since 1775. Mussolini and several of his perspicacious apologists see this more or less clearly. The new state they are building is certainly more realistically founded than any of the constitutional-parliamentary-republican states which set their political patterns before the implications of the industrial revolution were realized. One would like to look upon Italy as an experiment station in modern political science. The corporate, semi-syndicalist state will have significance long after Mussolini and his Black Shirts have passed into oblivion.

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Having granted this to the realism of Mussolini's regime, we must add in fairness that it is entirely likely that most of the lessons that Italy might teach the world will be lost because of the means employed by Mussolini. If efficiency in government can only be secured by brutal force and unbridled coercion, by eliminating intellectuals and persecuting critics, most of the world will be content to muddle along with cumbersome machinery. Mussolini places order and discipline above all other values, but there are assurances that freedom possesses also an enduring worth and vitality.

Mussolini tells a brave story; through all his pretentiousness and megalomaniacal rationalizations shines his one great wish —to be thought of now and historically as a man of infinite courage. Such a man will never realize that history ultimately calls that person weak who rises to power by annihilating criticism. The strong learn from critics. And, alas, because Mussolini over-simplifies life and over-dramatizes events, Italy will one day be compelled to rediscover the resources of freedom and self-reliance, and there will be sadness and suffering in the reaction which leads to that day.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
New York School of Social Work

PACTS, CRUISERS AND—THEN WHAT?
(*Continued from page* 734)

settlement and of sanctions was strengthened, large military establishments would be stripped of their excuse for being.

What was unsuccessfully attempted for many nations in the Geneva Protocol was put through at Locarno for the Rhineland area. Virtually the same obligations in the way of pacific settlement and of sanctions were woven into the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee signed by Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy with respect to the old cockpit of Europe. Germany and Belgium and also Germany and France agreed "in no case to attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other." If the league Council is satisfied that this pledge is violated, the parties to the Locarno Pact agreed that "they will each of them come immediately to the assistance of the power against whom the act complained of is directed."

Thus the Locarno Pact, like the Geneva Protocol, and unlike the Kellogg Pact, erected specific juristic frontiers alongside the geographical ones. The aggressor nation was defined as the one which goes to war in violation of its already given pledge to resort to pacific means to settle its disputes. This American idea drawing a bench mark between aggression and defense, is one of the most promising strands in the new fabrication of peace. It was the insistence on this simple formula by Briand that in 1925 froze the Greek and Bulgarian armies behind such a juristic border and staved off another Balkan embroilment which might have drawn in the Little Entente and possibly, as in 1914, the great powers.

The Locarno Pact was complemented by a series of arbitration and conciliation agreements between Germany and her neighbors. Even so, the Kellogg Pact must be complemented if peace is to have a structure through which nations may not only keep the peace but employ it. The Kellogg Pact turns the second great commandment into a declaration in the first person plural. But it changes the affirmative command to love one's neighbor into a negative self-restraint; we renounce war upon each other as an instrument of national policy. Such renunciation implies a search for other instruments through which policies may be advanced, injustices remedied, grievances cleared up and common undertakings entered upon.

The legal mind finds a solvent in the setting up of a World Court. The Permanent Court of International Justice deals primarily with treaty rights and the interpretation of international law. This is also the field of arbitration, which in addition affords scope for cases lying outside these categories. Both procedures are juridical, culminating in an award. But while the American phrase, to "outlaw war," and the movement back of it have had creative impact upon this whole range of developments in the past three years, the chief substitutes for discarded wars must be found in the field of

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CHAPEL HILL

politics rather than in law. In a changing world, men and nations want not only to contract and adjudicate. They want to negotiate and to bargain.

Here, in the structure and procedure of the league, on the one hand, and in the post-war pacts on the other, we have had marked advances in the development of two distinctly political institutions—conciliation and conference.

Under conciliation, the good offices of friendly powers are drawn in to examine the substance of a dispute but not to present conclusions in terms of a binding decree. The commissions of inquiry provided for in the Hague conventions were ultimately given definite form in the pre-war Bryan treaties. But the network of later treaties (such as those of Locarno) carry the device a step further, in that the commissions are empowered to recommend terms of settlement.

The conference affords a still more plastic arrangement by which the parties at controversy can get together and find common ground. "It works toward an agreement which may be just as binding as the verdict of a court." But, on the one hand, there is a world of difference between conference procedure and that of a court—its agreements are self-imposed. And, on the other hand, there is a world of difference between conference procedure and that of the old diplomacy—its agreements are arrived at by direct interchange between reasonable representatives rather than by shouting down and across the parallels of latitude and longitude.

GERMANY personified the old reliance on military preparedness. It played the game with an intensity and competence which no other modern nation has attempted. It failed; and first as a consequence of defeat, now as a matter of conviction, we are told, the Germans are putting themselves into prosecuting civil procedures with the same concentration. Let me give the appraisal of an officer of one of the allied powers during the War, who has closely followed political developments throughout Europe since the Armistice. He regards the last three years as more momentous than is generally recognized. In the earlier period, the league was dominated by the allied powers, with neutrals and the weaker nations as foils. Now, Germany sits in, a major power, formerly an enemy power, with a kitbag of grievances, taking the peace structure seriously and making the rest of them do so. So long as Geneva was a quiet pool, hedged in from the trouble brewing throughout the world, it did not amount to much. Now trouble has come to Geneva and that registers the change. The allied powers are no longer unconcerned as to what goes on there. It means a different type of representation; contests over the personnel of the secretariat; the intrusion of a harder-boiled element. There may be regrets at this new sub-idealistic level, but the change means that the league is getting into the rough-and-tumble of reality; what it does will count in practical affairs.

But that is only half of his story. After all, the post-war politics of Europe have been dominated by old fears. France always remembers those dark days when it looked as though her capital were gone, her future mutilated. When all is said and done, she has been afraid of a recrudescence of her great neighbor and of another crossing of the Rhine. Hence the French policy of building up on the East a military cordon of allied states, who would attack if she were invaded in the West; and vice versa. The old hank of military alliance. But with the Locarno Pact, Germany relinquished any hope of Alsace and Lorraine; war in the Rhineland was shelved, and the pact provided for swift mutual assistance from Italy and England if Germany broke her word. On the East, Germany has not accepted the Polish corridor; nor the insulation of Danzig as final, but has forsworn war as her method of national policy in seeking redress.

The effect of these moves was registered in the French attitude toward the recent treaty of mutual military support between France and Jugo-Slavia. The Serbs are fighters; in a crisis, their support would mean much more to France than that of the Poles. But the Jugo-Slav treaty, unlike the Polish treaty, had not been signed at the time of Locarno. The French went through with it thereafter, but without enthusiasm on the part of their government, and the French people were cold. The old framework of military alliance as the guarantee of security had not been undermined so much as it had been relegated by a new and civil structure. The nationalistic forces in the newer mid-European states will find

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that they can no longer count on French fears as catspaws to get their chestnuts out of the fire. Even Poland may come to see that, without France at her beck but with Russia at her back, more can be gained by being friends with Germany than the reverse, and so uncover a new basis for accommodation and adjustment.

It is in some of these less tangible consequences that we see the significance of the new pacts. They may be only beginnings but they are attacking the burdensome structure of post-war militarism at its most vulnerable point; they are destroying the foreboding of need for it in men's minds. The reduction of swollen army and navy budgets will register our gains in weaving a peace fabric strong enough to meet the tensions of a changing world.

NOW it may be said that we are well out of the embroilments of Europe; that we have matched the League Covenant with this new mutual declaration of pacific purpose, and that all further pacts for the implementation of peace are things that do not concern us. The world knows where we stand—and if they want to see our policy in practice, look at our northern border where we have banned war for a century.

But if we look closer at that unfortified boundary which runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we shall see that Canada and the United States have not only relegated war—we have implemented peace. More than that, in the International Joint Commission which looks after our recurrent troubles and our mutual interests there, we have a new world instrument which in some directions goes further than the European arrangements I have set down—an American invention, if you will, that is suggestive for all mankind.

That we know little about it—that we are more alive to what has gone forward in the last two decades in the ancient fighting ground of the European lowlands than what has gone forward in the St. Lawrence basin—is not a gauge of its significance. It's high time we told not only the world about it, but ourselves.

Nevertheless, examine that border in the light of modern history and you will see that it bristles with sources of conflict, with difficulty, with trouble. In the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, we have one of the great assets of the North American Continent and one which must be shared. For while the St. Lawrence River is the jugular vein of Canada, it is also one of the two arteries leading out from the great central basin of the United States. More than that, for a great part of the three thousand miles the boundary runs through water, which may be almost as fruitful a cause for dispute as land—issues of water rights in navigation and irrigation, power and sanitation; issues even of life and death. For there have been Canadian communities which felt their health was jeopardized by the sewage which Buffalo and Detroit were dumping into the marginal waters.

East and West have been at loggerheads; there have been clashes between rival corporations, conflicts between cities and farming country, between shipping companies and stockyards, between Chicago, which wants to canalize its sewage to the Mississippi, and the states and provinces which want to keep the lake levels high. Producers and shippers of grain and ore and manufactured goods have lined up one way or another. The greatest cities of the continent—New York, Chicago, Montreal, Detroit—have been agitated by their stake in what was done or left undone, involving, they felt, not only their prestige but their prosperity. In short, here in this water system is a great breeding vat for all sorts of conflicting interests and high feelings, the very sort of conflicts and the very sort of feelings which under modern industrialism set nations by the ears.

WE got along for most of our hundred years of peace fairly well with conventional diplomatic machinery, but with the beginning of the new century, the situation became too tense, the old system or lack of system of composing difficulties broke down. In 1902, by concurrent action of the two governments, an International Waterways Commission was created. Its purpose was purely investigational, but out of it in 1909 grew the present International Joint Commission. This has six mem-

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bers, three on a side, each with its own chairman; it is a permanent body with offices in Ottawa and in Washington. Each country reserved jurisdiction and control over the use and diversion of water flowing across its boundaries or into the boundary waters. Injured parties have the same legal remedies in the neighboring country as if the diversion and the injury took place in the same country. But no further obstructions or diversions could be put through in the boundary waters without the sanction of the commission. Its decisions are final. It was provided that other frontier problems shall be taken up by the commission on the initiative of either government; and that other questions of mutual concern might be so taken up.

The commission's success is registered by the fact that it has never handed down anything but a unanimous decision. It has not only well-defined powers for decision within its province, and wide powers of investigation, but has been granted certain powers of control, as the work has proceeded, in seeing that decisions and agreements are carried out effectively. It is an agency of a new world, the contribution to the statesmanship of international relations not of military men, not of lawyers, but more especially of the engineers. This was a natural outgrowth of the supreme tasks with which the commission has been confronted in applying science to nature. It has been enhanced by the caliber of the engineers called to those tasks from both sides of the line. The commission has been especially fortunate in the fact that the Canadian chairman, Charles McGrath, is himself an engineer and public servant of distinction.

"Quarrels concerning water quickly get from the realm of engineering to the realm of emotion," said an American engineer in 1926. "The real question is to hold more water in the lakes. Lawyers and courts cannot hold it there, but engineers can." The speaker was Herbert Hoover, and it has been in that spirit that the International Joint Commission has demonstrated its worth as a scheme not merely for settling grievances but for working out the adjustments of a changing and developing borderland between two growing countries. It shifts the ground from conflict to mutual benefit, the method from self-defense to cooperation.

Here, no less than in the Kellogg Pact, we have something to offer to the world. It is a scheme we could well apply to our southern boundary as well as our northern. It is a scheme which could well complement the arbitration and conciliation machinery agreed to by the Pan-American Conference on January 5—incorporated in a pact, the full significance of which the public has not yet grasped. It is conceivably a scheme that might be applied to the settlement of the cruiser problem between Great Britain and the United States. It is a scheme essentially of the future and one through which, under an engineering president, we may hope to complement the "blazing ubiquities" of the Kellogg Pact with practical arrangements by which modern peoples may live next each other in peace and work together as neighbors.

THE WORLD OF FORGOTTEN MEN

(*Continued from page* 740)

housed and cared for as they are, they feel less need for the release which intellectual work affords. Many of them are too content to want to make any kind of effort at betterment.

Well, what do the university courses really accomplish for any of the convicts? That is, after all, the climactic question. Have they any permanent values? Or are they, like the writing on the beach, a means of mere pastime?

Apparently there are no definite statistics available on this question. Nobody, from this institution at least, has followed up the men who took his courses and tabulated the results. Nobody has made note of what percentage of the students have made places for themselves in the world afterward, nor what part of that success was traceable to the university prison courses. It would be interesting to make such a study, but if it has ever been done, I can find no trace of it. My own interest in any kind of educational work is never concerned with statistics. For statistics, no

(*Continued on page* 754)

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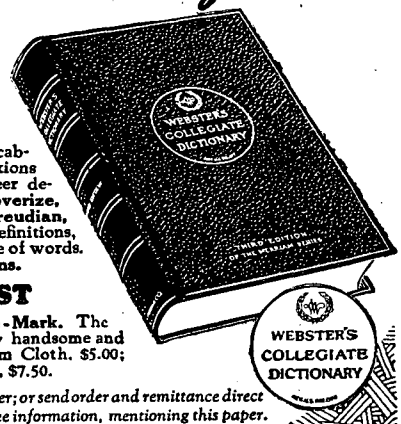

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(*Continued from page* 752)

matter how impressive and accurate, manage somehow to obscure the vital human elements. They tabulate results merely in terms of numerals, and there are results which evade entirely such summary.

Such a case, for instance, was that of a student whom I shall call Joe. He wanted to write stories, or to be more accurate, A STORY. Without being aware of the fact himself, he belonged to that large class of human beings (not by any means confined to penal institutions) who want to write in order to "get even" with somebody. Any experienced instructor in short-story writing knows the "spite story." My method of dealing with it in the regular university extension classes is to "call" the writer's hand at once, to explain to him that nobody is interested in his personal grudge, and that, justifiable or unjustifiable though that grudge be, it is not suitable material for a story.

With a man who is "doing time" in a penitentiary, the psychology is very different. It seemed a much better thing here to let Joe tell his story. He told it, in installments over a period of several weeks. It was no story, of course. It was something much more important. It was an embittered man's outlet for feelings that would otherwise have festered within him and perhaps inhibited his whole-hearted participation in any kind of constructive work. When the story was told, the instructor pointed out as clearly as may be done in the impersonal correspondence which prison rules allow, that literature is not made in this way, that not even the cheap and mechanical stories that fill the popular magazines can be manufactured by motives of spite.

"You cannot write acceptable fiction," it was explained, "unless you can forget that you are a wronged man and find yourself as an artist."

It took a long time to get this idea over. It always takes a long time. We simply cannot believe that the world is indifferent to our grievances. But I could see, on the day that I talked with Joe months later, in the bleak prison reception room, that at last it had got over. He was full of eager plans for his next short story, and the story was concerned with the humorous adventures of a young engineer in Mexico. Joe has not only learned a very vital fact about the making of fiction—Joe has grown up.

He is typical of many convict writers. The saving grace for him was that he was caught young. I doubt very much whether Joe, had he been past thirty, would have made the fight for mental equilibrium.

Quite a different problem was presented by a man whom I shall name Dave. He had a good education and had been very successful in his profession. Like most modern American business men, his days had been full of strenuous and varied activity. Now that he was withdrawn temporarily from the daily turmoil of such existence, he wanted to learn to write. "*What* do you want to write?" the correspondence instructor inquired.

The reply was not more incoherent than that of the average extension student. "I've had so many interesting experiences in my work. It has taken me into so many different places that I thought . . . well, if I could just learn how to set down the things that have happened to me. You see, I've had such a full life. . . ."

IN his case, as in all such cases, it is necessary to determine first just what the witness means by "a full life." Some of the dreariest and most unimaginative persons in the world allege that they have "full lives." Experience has taught me that in many instances "a full life" merely means a cluttered life. That was exactly what it meant in Dave's case. He thought that because he had been to many different places, had been a member of many social organizations and had made quite a good deal of money, that he had had "a full life." Asked by the instructor to send in a synopsis of *one* particular incident that could be developed into a plot, he couldn't do it to save his soul. His assignment was a jumble of unrelated and chaotic events. So was his mind. He didn't know where to find anything that it contained. Before he could begin to produce any coherent work, he had to set his mental house in order.

Well, he had plenty of time for that in the penitentiary, you

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say? Mental reorganization is not merely a matter of time. It is a matter, first, or realizing the condition into which we have allowed ourselves to drift. Because this student was of a highly intelligent type, he was finally brought to this realization. "It gave me a jolt," he said, "when you told me that my mind was like an attic on cleaning day. But I got to thinking it over. I tried to put everything else out of the way and just think *one thing through* like you said and . . . I guess you're right. Gosh! But it's work!"

It's work on which he is still persistently engaged and chaos is beginning to give way to order. He comes up for parole soon, and when he gets out, if he has learned to make his mind do what he wants it to do, if he can write at a certain time because he has formed a habit of concentration, if he can summon what he wants from his subconscious mind without drawing with it a mass of irrelevancies, he will return to his task, whatever that task is, a better man than he left it. It makes little difference whether that task is fiction writing or something else.

These are some of the individual and widely different problems that have been solved by the university's correspondence courses. There are many more that I could record. But neither the university nor San Quentin desires publicity, and the writer of such an article as this must steer a careful course in order to avoid all identifiable incidents. Like most education, the results of the work at the California prison cannot be card-catalogued. Several experienced criminologists, viewing the work *en masse,* have handed down guarded verdicts. The sum total of their opinions seems to be: "To the man under twenty-seven, who is in for the first time, the courses are undoubtedly of great benefit. To the old timer . . . I am not so sure."

We have to let it go at that. And we are willing to let it go at that. Quite justly is there much said and written against the correspondence method of instruction. It can never take the place of personal contact with a magnetic and inspiring teacher. But magnetic and inspiring teachers are not to be found every day or every year, even though we have the leisure and the freedom to roam the world over in quest of them. And in the World of Forgotten Men things are quite different from the ordinary world.

When you see these men hoarding their precious tobacco money for the purchase of postage stamps to put on correspondence envelopes, when you see them toiling patiently—in cells containing anywhere from five to fifteen other men hostile and derisive to their efforts—in order to turn out a creditable assignment, and when you receive back an old story with the apologetic plea, "I know it's against the rules to ask you to read this again, but won't you just glance through it and see if I *have* improved it?"—when you see all these things and watch the growth of the authors of the assignments, you may come to feel differently about long-distance teaching. You may even come to feel that a correspondence-course envelope may carry within it the very breath of life.

PUTTING OLD MAN RIVER TO WORK

(*Continued from page* 731)

dredge of this type which maintains this rate. Suction dredges cannot do quite so well: the best record ever made by this type is said to be 67,000 cubic yards in 23 hours, with 4,000 brake horse power in the engines. But a cubic yard of mud weighs about 2,900 pounds, so this record is very close to the continuous bucket-chain variety. We cannot go wrong in estimating Muscle Shoals power as being able to remove 1.5 tons of river bottom or flat lands for every kilowatt hour taken from the transmission wires. A kilowatt is about 1⅓ horse power. And most Mississippi mud is much easier to excavate than most of the soils that dredges have to handle. Only the gumbo is bad. Super-dredges ought to remove and dump on adjacent banks nearly 2 cubic yards for every kilowatt hour of dredge power. But let us not reckon on this high basis. Let us stick to proved capacities.

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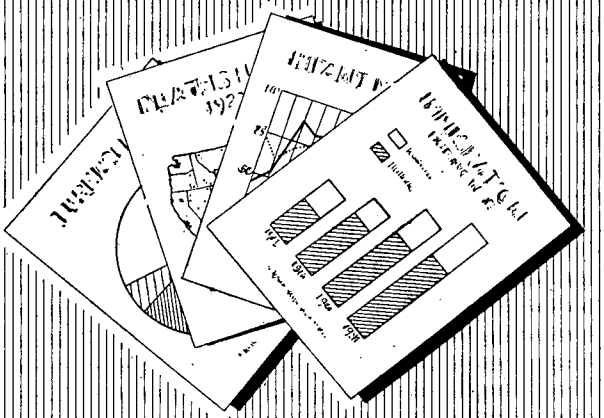

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In my opinion, this is about one-quarter the size of the dredges which should be built for the Mississippi River. Our Mississippi dredges will be electrically driven from a temporary trolley wire alongside the channel. Because of the very slow forward speed in dredging, the problem of a trolley arm is exceedingly simple. Our dredges will, power for power, deliver far more soil from the Mississippi and adjacent swamps than the Panama dredge can in its zone of work, where rock is encountered.

IF all the available power from Muscle Shoals were to be used exclusively in dredging with the equipment I shall soon describe to you, our engineers would take out of the river channels and nearby lowlands 2,500,000,000 cubic yards of soil every twelve months! Try to visualize its significance. From the Isthmus, 270,000,000 cubic yards were removed to make the Panama Canal; this includes some 30,000,000 cubic yards caused by slides after the canal was finished. Our dredges, if working steadily from year's end to year's end, would handle about 6,810,000 cubic yards a day. So they would dig a Panama Canal once every forty days—or nine a year, and the length of the canal they would dig would greatly exceed that of Panama, for nowhere would they have to cut through mountains or heavy rock.

Muscle Shoals power can be delivered effectively to the entire lower Mississippi Valley save only that part south of the junction with the Red River. Even this could be reached if we were to operate with power losses of 20 to 25 per cent, in which case the entire Mississippi and Ohio Valleys where floods occur would fall within the range of Muscle Shoals.

Were the power applied evenly to the entire area, the dredges and drags would remove and bank up 100,000 cubic yards of earth on each square mile every year; in five years, 500,000 cubic yards per square mile. Were only one canal built on each square mile, it would run straight across the tract and be 8 feet deep and 64 feet wide; in other words, a respectable waterway for motor barges, fully as good as the Ohio River now is! Moreover, the earth removed to make such a canal would be banked up along the shores in the form of a levee on each side 8 feet high and 32 feet thick, if in cubical form—or 50 to 60 feet thick if graded off as levees usually are. In a single year of dredging, this would solve every problem of flood control, so far as levee protection is concerned.

Here is another hypothetical use of the power. It has the merit of showing that two immense projects can be and probably ought to be integrated. One is flood control, the other is a deep waterway from St. Louis to the Gulf. Distinct in many respects, these projects interlock in many others and must be treated as one.

Now, suppose that, after our dredges had dug the canals with their levees, they were put to work making a single air-line channel from St. Louis to—let us say—South West Pass, on the Gulf of Mexico. Allowing for inevitable bends here and there, we find this to be about 750 miles long. How big a channel might we have, if 2,500,000,000 cubic yards were excavated? Make the job as hard as possible by supposing that no existing waterways could be used in part or in whole; suppose the dredges had to attack the dry land and chew straight through it. What then? They would remove 3,333,333 cubic yards per mile. This would cut a channel 800 feet wide and 21 feet deep; or one 600 feet wide and more than 28 feet deep. All save the very largest ocean steamers could then dock at St. Louis. And, *theoretically,* this canal could be dug in one year! In practice, of course, it would surely spread over several years.

One more hypothetical procedure. Suppose the power were all used to deepen and widen the major rivers and to build up their levees to such a height that no flood could even approach their tops. Suppose that the dredging be confined to the 3,000 miles of navigable water in the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, White, Arkansas, and Red Rivers

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where there now are 8 or more feet of water in the channels. From each mile of these channels, 833,333 cubic yards of earth could be lifted and dumped on the levees. If all channels averaged 1,000 feet wide, they could be deepened an average of 4 feet 3 inches. If they were 10 feet deep before operations commenced, they would become 14 feet 3 inches deep. And so on. But the most amazing results would appear on their levees. These could be raised 21 feet above present levels and made 200 feet thick (cubically). No drainage engineer believes this should be done. Many considerations make it unsound. I describe it merely to illustrate the power of Muscle Shoals.

The Congress has voted $325,000,000 *for flood control alone*. Suppose we were to use it for our three-fold project, what could be done with it?

Here is a rough approximation of the cost of electrical installations for the fullest possible use of Muscle Shoals power:

50 super-dredges (about 10,000 KW motors) for main channel work. Around	$30,000,000
250 power drags and ditchers of various sizes, from 400 KW up to 2,500 KW; for work in small rivers, creeks, swamps and open flats. Around	3,500,000
1,200 miles of 220,000-volt transmission lines (not including right-of-way costs, which the federal government should not pay. About $20,000 per mile	24,000,000
17 crawler tractors for hauling transformers to and from branch lines and for drawing the supply wagons of linemen	126,000
300 transformers, about	600,000
3,000 miles of trolley wire, about	600,000
75,000 portable trolley poles, about	260,000
300 light autos and motor trucks, about	240,000
1 central repair shop and supply base, about	100,000
4 motor boats for inspectors, about	60,000
Minor small items, too numerous to classify	300,000
Total about	$59,786,000

Were this all paid out of the Congressional appropriation, there would be left for operating expenses somewhat more than $265,000,000.

The operating costs, other than for power, are almost entirely for labor and repairs. How much will labor amount to, in all probability? There will be, in round numbers:

50 crews of 10 men each for the super-dredges	500
250 crews of 5 men each for power drags and ditchers	1,250
17 crews of 10 men each as linemen for the portable trolley-line installations	170
100 superintendents	100
50 inspectors	50
Various telephone operators, bookkeepers, watchmen, etc., about	1,000
Total, for one 8-hour shift only	3,070

Let us figure on three shifts a day. An average wage, including cost of boarding the crews, would run under $8 a day, for 300 days a year. With three shifts totalling 9,210 men on the payroll, the latter would mount to $22,104,000 a year. Or one-eleventh of the funds available!

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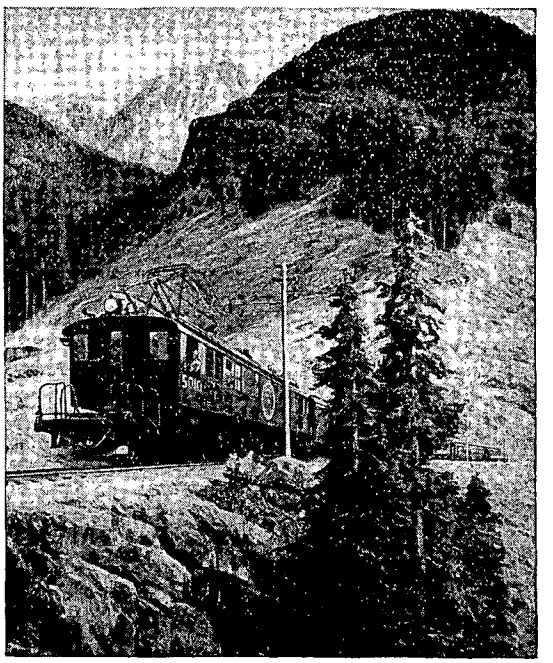

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WE THOUGHT IT WAS ARMAGEDDON

(*Continued from page* 725)

his policies." To which I might add that, while it was as easy to make suggestions to the Colonel as to any man with whom I ever worked, he accepted an idea only when it had become his idea. He did his own thinking. But he was most generous in acknowledging help. I remember that once when I met him at the train, before he stepped off the platform he called out: "Did you see my editorial? I took an idea from you."

Still more gracious was his letter when I restated the much abused and misrepresented doctrine of "recall of decisions"—and he wrote: "That's a capital article of yours! I am inclined to think that the expression you used is better than either of those I invented in the groping effort to formulate in a precise and short phrase just what I was after."

It was largely Roosevelt's dominance in the party that made the Progressive Service possible and enjoyable. He welcomed efforts to help, even though often clumsy and ill-conceived, and thus he encouraged every one who wanted to serve. Despite the sharpness of his criticisms of opponents and foolish friends, he was extraordinarily tolerant of human weakness. This Newport trip came at the close of a dreadful day of political mismanagement and when I spoke of the chief culprit he said:

"Oh Mr. —— is just a jackass. But it was our mistake in trusting him. Now it's a beautiful moonlit night on the water. The night will atone for the day."

On another occasion, when Albert J. Beveridge had been as temperamental as a grand opera star, I heard some one say:

"Oh, Beveridge is just a baby."

"Ah, yes! But a very brilliant baby," replied T. R.

The Progressive movement contained many brilliant babies and myriads of political innocents. It required a good deal of money to support and educate them. Hard-headed business men who wanted to be "Progressive" found it necessary also to finance the Republican and Democratic organizations, which still spoke (and collected) for assessors, prosecuting attorneys, governors, mayors and legislators (not to mention, of course, the courts) in whose activities hard-headed business men had a continuing and very practical interest. Four hundred and fifteen Republican and Democratic congressmen were, of course, of more practical use then twenty Progressives. Furthermore, the party of Woodrow Wilson appeared to be more afraid, or jealous, of the party of Roosevelt than of the G. O. P.: so that instead of helping build up the Progressives with "minority" recognition, the Democrats generally encouraged a "come-back" of the Republicans.

By the spring of 1914, the Progressives were in financial

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difficulties everywhere. A fight must be made in the fall elections to win more offices. Funds were scarce. Organization leaders who had frowned on the Progressive Service now denounced it. This "idealistic" stuff could be carried too far! It was time to be practical. Even Raymond Robins (disavowing membership in the so-called "lunatic fringe") wrote me that what we needed was "organization from the precincts up"—and that the service was "over-organized." Under nation-wide pressure, Perkins and others began the reorganization to "cut out the frills." Unfortunately, most of the enthusiastic volunteer workers were engaged in "frills." They were not trained or adapted to precinct labors. They were interested in "new methods" in politics. The "old methods" seemed a part of the old results. After a brief struggle against the "practical" men, the "impractical" ones faded out of the party picture. The service work came to an end.

During this transformation of the party from a religious movement to a political mechanism, my own ideas underwent considerable change. I agreed with Robins' statement that "we are either in the current of an epoch-making [political] movement in answer to the economic and social movements of the past twenty years, or we are wasting our time;" but I did not believe that the formation of a purely vote-getting organization was the way to avoid wasting our time. Political education and a new political religion seemed to me necessary before a new political organization could accomplish anything. We had started too fast in 1912 and slower progress was inevitable. But the logic of events was against me. The treasuries were empty and the political bankers would not support any program that was not "business-like." There is a wide gulf between a religious movement and an established church. It was made plain that any further contributions should be spent on the business of politics—which is getting offices. When you get offices you can pay your debts and declare dividends. You are a going concern. If you don't hold offices, you are living on charity and hopes.

In a speech to New Jersey Progressives, I explained the reluctance of practical politicians to join a "purity crusade," in a paraphrase of Hamlet's soliloquy:

> Thus pocket-book makes cowards of us all
> And thus the native hue of revolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale fear of jobs
> And enterprises of state-craft and wisdom
> By "black horse cavalry" are turned awry
> And earn the name: Reaction.

In the final struggle, my understanding of both points of view led Mr. Perkins into the curious design of saving the Legislative Reference Bureau out of the wreck as a sop to the "intellectuals," but transformed under my direction into a purely organization agency. He could not understand my opposition.

"If that is your attitude, you are not fit to be the head of this work," he stormed at me.

"That was what I wanted you to understand," was my answer. And I wrote to one of my committee: "Perkins approves of me, except when he gets mad. When an office boy or valet is needed, I am happily *persona non grata.*"

THE service was chloroformed and buried privately so that the newspapers might not find in its death too many signs of the impending demise of the party. Bitter letters and reports that were frequently prepared for "press release" were never published, but have been preserved; and some day an interested historian will be able to explain just how and why the Progressive movement under Roosevelt died "a-borning." It may be sufficient now merely to write (with the shade of Beveridge dissenting) that the party did not come "from the grass roots." (Nor did the LaFollette party of 1924.) Leadership did not spring "from the loins of the people"—as the Tammany Hall speakers frequently, but inaccurately, describe *their* leadership.

The song was ended, but "the melody lingered on," as I returned to Chicago in the spring of 1914. There was some satisfaction in the parting testimonial received from my committee and in Victor Murdock's written "appreciation of the great service you have been to the cause, the Progressives here, and to myself in putting our constructive program on its feet. You were indispensable." That (*Continued on page 762*)

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(*Continued from page* 759) was pleasant to read, although the questions would arise: "Indispensable to what? What had we really done?" Despite a note signed "T. Roosevelt" stating that he had not heard any criticism of me and would not "pay any heed to any criticism I may hear"—there was a criticism in my own mind to which heed must be given. The first flaring enthusiasm of youth for public service had been checked. Probably it would never burn quite so freely again. It seemed a little silly. Thousands of other young men and women must have gone through the same questionings from November, 1912, to August, 1914, when the World War began its wholesale destruction of faith, plundering my generation of its spiritual heritage.

But there were other Progressive battles ahead, before the "crusaders" were dispersed and the hymn-books and rituals were returned to the churches, without suitable apologies. The unchastened Republicans of Illinois offered as their candidate for United States senator "Larry" Sherman, who had once been carried into the State House on a stretcher to vote for the most scandalous law that crooked utilities ever bought and paid for in Illinois. As his opponent, Roger Sullivan, the Democratic boss, had named himself, the almost perfect product of politics for private profit. The Progressive nominee was Raymond Robbins. The choice was clear between two men of proved unfitness for public office—unashamed servants of private greed—and a "reformer" whose moral worth and desire to render public service were unchallenged. It seemed to me then incredible that either man could be elected whose sordid record was printed in the carefully documented "S.-S." pamphlet which was sent into nearly every home in the state.

The Republicans compared Sherman to Lincoln, because he looked like a very poor copy of the original. The Democrats sobbed that the bereaved Wilson (who had just lost his wife) was waiting for Roger to come to Washington and solace him . . . which "watchful waiting" the President declined to confirm. The Progressives dared the "bi-partisan alliance of greed and graft" to meet them at Armageddon, but the battle was fought elsewhere. The voters chose Sherman. Sullivan ran second and Robins third. A few days later Robins wrote me: "I regard your work as the most effective one element in securing the defeat of Mr. Sullivan." But I disagreed then and now. We did not defeat anybody. The Republican candidate won in a normally Republican state. "Roosevelt progressivism" had spent its force.

In the spring of 1915 came a Republican-Progressive coalition in Chicago. Bill Thompson was elected mayor as its first achievement, in which I am glad to say I had no part, although his opponent was equally unfit. Then came a coalition on judges in which I received a fusion nomination for the Circuit Court. Fortunately, the Thompson crowd knifed all but one of the Progressive nominees. Thus the bench and I were saved from each other. If "Big Bill" could have seen the amount of trouble I was destined to make for him, he would surely have given orders to place me safely on the bench. But the brainless wonders of politics rarely have prophetic vision. It has been my good fortune all my life to be saved from my worst mistakes by my enemies. There should be a profound lesson in this experience, but I do not know just what it is—unless perhaps it is humility. Tolerant friends, angry enemies and lots of luck are great aids in the scramble up.

THE judicial defeat of 1915 marks, for me, the end of youth. Although only thirty-four years old, I had been a boy too long. My father, stricken with apoplexy in March, was a helpless invalid, doomed to three years more of existence lying in bed, requiring the services of a nurse night and day. Our practise had suffered from his previous illness and my absence in New York. The family debts exceeded the assets by a large amount. Since 1915, no less than six and usually eight persons have always been dependent on my earnings.

Quite suddenly I realized that there was a horrible, hard reality in this "struggle for existence" about which I had theorized; that the "economic pressure" was a heartless, savage thing; that if I did not keep my feet in the crowd of human beings milling around me, I would go down under the trampling feet, and those near and dear would go down with me.

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There were many days and nights when I knew all too well the fear that besets the man out of a job, the fear of the beaten man, that puts timid despair or sullen hatred in his eyes. I had my days of walking around with hands in empty pockets, trying to look cheerful. I had my nights of struggling with bills payable and receivable, that simply couldn't be balanced. It didn't require long years of this sort of thing to teach me the feelings of the under-dog, or to bring understanding of the self-confident exultation of the self-made man who has fought his way up from poverty to plenty. To slip back from comparative comfort to desperate need for a few months was enough. I imagine that a man blind for a year knows the sorrows of the life-long blind—and more besides.

This personal experience is related because the "times that try men's souls" shape their philosophy and either create or destroy their ability to understand other men. When there develops in one a hatred of the bitter uncertainties of life that might be relieved by improved organization and cooperation, the pessimist reverts to savagery and the optimist becomes more civilized. I can remember black hours of thinking: "If this is just a game of wolves, I'm going to be a good wolf. Don't anybody mistake me for a woolly lamb." But when the clouds lifted, I could see that when men compare themselves with animals, only part of the brain is functioning. The dead brain-cells in those who call themselves bulls and bears make this point clear.

Fitted to my mood of self-preservation was the campaign for "preparedness" which Roosevelt undertook in 1915. I was already convinced that Providence would not take care of anyone who failed to take care of himself. For the same reason, I was able to open the door when a political opportunity came knocking that same year in a new and somewhat repulsive form.

The story of the political maneuvering by which a most unfriendly committee of Chicago aldermen selected me as special counsel for the city to fight the gas company, would take too long to tell. Anyhow, that sort of explanation is always omitted, I have observed, from the autobiographies of noble statesmen, so that a similar gap may well be left in this humbler narrative. To be the beneficiary of chicanery and double dealing and questionable motives does not elevate the chest, even though one's own hands are not soiled. "The President has paid dear for his White House," wrote Emerson over eighty years ago. "It has commonly cost him all his peace and the best of his manly attributes." Any veteran politician who stumbled across these words might well remark: "That professor knew his onions." Indeed it was Bathhouse John, the famous Chicago alderman, who shouted in the Council Chamber: "Let Caesar get what's coming to him!" He knew that Caesar would have to pay dearly for what he got.

So at the time when Europe was sliding down the abyss of the World War in its second year and America was moving nearer to the edge of the same pit, I was thrust into the very center of that civil warfare between visible and invisible government, about which the Progressives of 1912 had talked so much and done so little. Through the subsequent delirium of the War and the sickening relapses of reconstruction, my more or less private fight continued and its field extended. Opposition to the invisible rulers of Chicago led naturally into conflicts with their brethren who rode into complete control of the nation when we had made the world "safe for democracy" and selected the Ohio gang to make democracy safe for America.

Few indeed are the Progressives of my generation who have survived the bludgeoning of these years. Death and defeat and discouragement have taken most of them out of the public service. But, looking back, it seems as though I might "dimly guess what time in mists confounds;" and regardless of where the lost leaders have gone, might catch a glimpse of where they were going.

In the vast muddle of human affairs, sometimes in the thick of the fighting, in the heat of the day, in a wakeful hour of the night, will come a luminous moment, perhaps hallucination: but a sudden, very real sense of truth revealed, upon which one builds a sort of faith. So the story will go on, although Roosevelt must die in the next chapter—and thereafter Wilson and LaFollette and Bryan must follow him down the long trail. Reminiscences have a sad flavor of the "good old days;" and of the apparent futility of all human effort. But as I ride back over yesterday, the Hound of Heaven follows me. The road has no end—

> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

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NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 ncludes monthly publication, "The American Child."

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NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Porter R. Lee, president, New York, N. Y.; Howard R. Knight, sec'y, 277 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. The conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in San Francisco, California from June 26th to July 3rd, 1929. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

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ROMANCE OUTSIDE THE PALE

(*Continued from page 717*)

This being the case, warnings obviously have little value unless their tune is changed to one more in harmony with the prevailing tone of the present day. Instead of saying, "A single monogamous marriage based on love is best for society," why not say, "A single monogamous marriage based on love is best for the individual"—and therefore best for society? Every one wants happiness, freedom, love, self-expression, not only in the tumultuous days of youth, but throughout life. Is not the modern hit-and-miss method a poor way of winning that happiness? Would it not be better to go about winning it with the same conscious intelligence and thoughtful study that mankind has given to the other conquests of our civilization over the forces of nature?

The first step, of course, in convincing men that monogamous marriage is for their own individual happiness is a frank facing and discussion of all sides of the problem. The next is thorough, planned education for marriage, a required course in marriage and parenthood (technically known as social hygiene) for all highschool students.

Such a course would give not only an understanding of the physical side of union, but would discuss the psychological problems, the social values and the economic difficulties. It would stress the moral obligations which each student owed to his future self to begin at an early age to lay firm foundations for happiness. We train boys and girls to succeed in social and business life, but give them very little training which will help them to succeed in married life, though the satisfaction of the creative instinct, on which marriage rests, is one of the very foundations of happiness.

This realization that the problems of marriage and parenthood should be a definite part of the education of all young people is gradually taking shape. One can see it in the recent demand on the part of Rutgers students for a course in fatherhood, and in the growth of the department of euthenics at Vassar, and in the discussions on marriage and family relationships for and by the senior students of the University of North Carolina.

One of the first fruits of proper education for marriage would be the partial solving at least of the other-woman problem by more intelligent selection. Too many of us try to shape the whole course of our marital lives when our outlook and our opinions are distinctly sophomoric. Education should give us a keener estimate of values. It should teach us that there are other foundations for happiness besides immediate, transitory responses; that dancing well and playing the ukulele are not enough. This teaching may produce a cynical and worldly-wise youth, but it is time that we discarded the old fetish that ignorance is bliss. In marriage, or the choosing of a mate, ignorance is only the beginning of helplessness, bewilderment, despair and tragedy.

Only by knowledge, clearsightedness and a constructive approach can a married person hope to avoid the problem of the interloper, or to meet it when it comes. Recriminations, hysterical demands, emotional scenes are merely so much fuel for the flames.

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WANTED: Executive secretary for an S.P.C.C. which is undergoing reorganization to include child welfare as well as protective work. Training and experience in organization and in modern case work required. Apply to Dr. John Applebee, 327 Montgomery Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

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